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CAUSA DEI:

OR

COUNSEL

TO THE

Rich of this World.

To the Higheſt Part of the Duſt of the Earth.

To which is prefixed
An Humble *Addreſs* to the King's Majeſty.

I will get me to the Great Men, and ſpeak unto them, Jer. 5. 5.
I will ſhow what I have to ſay on God's behalf, Job 6. 2.

Magnæ Virtutis eſt cum ſeculari Fœlicitate luctari, ne Illiciat ne Corrumpat, atq; ſubvertat ipſa Fœlicitas. Magnæ Fœlicitatis eſt a Fœlicitate non Vinci. *Auguſt.* de Verbo Domini.

LONDON, Printed for *Joſeph Fox*, Bookſeller in *Weſtminſter-Hall*. 1697.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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TO THE

High and Mighty Prince,

WILLIAM,

BY THE

Special Grace of God, of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Rightful and Lawful KING!

May it please your Majesty!

OLD Times have said, *the King of* England, *is King of Devils.*

14

But, with much more Reaſon, it will be ſaid ſo by *Poſterity*, if in your Reign we do behave our ſelves *Obſtinately*.

For *Demoniacks* we muſt be, and *Fiends* Prodigious, if we break the dear Bonds which God and your Majeſty lay on us. Our Anceſtors had never ſuch *Cloven Feet* as we ſhall ſhew, if we kick now.

Now that, God hath ſaved us out of *Egypt*, by you his *Moſes*. Out of *Babylon*, by you his *Cyrus*. And, from *the worſt of Arrows-ſhot*, by you the *Shield*. The *Shield* full often expoſing it ſelf to be broke to pieces, to keep us in whole Skins.

Now

Now that, by *the very ſound of your Name*, the Almighty hath ſtruck down our *Domeſtick Tartars*. By your *Magnanimity*, hath made the *Boyn* more memorable than *Marathron*. And put a Hook into the Noſe of *the moſt Chriſtian Leviathan*. So keeping our *Jeruſalem*, from being turned into an *Acheldama*.

Now that, Divine Grace hath made you in very Truth, *Defender of the Faith*. And, you are in Act, as well as in Office, *Utriuſq; Tabulæ Cuſtos*. With our *other Enemies*, delivering us from our moſt *unmerciful Selves*. Calling a *Faſt*, far more Holy than *Lent*; by forbidding your *Proteſtants*, to *eat up one anothers Churches*, as they had uſed to do.

Now that, after all, the Lord of Life and Strength, *holdeth your Soul in Life, and your Bow in Strength.* Tho, of your Heavenly *MARY*, the World was no longer worthy. And, tho your *Martyrdom*, and therein our *Ruin*, hath been ſought without ceaſing.

Sought by the right *Roman Rule.* By *Mariana* his *Quâcunq; Arte*, and by *Bellarmine* his *Omni Ratione.* And that, both in your *Summer-Camps*, and in your *Winter-Quarters.* Inſomuch, that, altho you *never ſaw Fear, but in your Enemies Faces*; yet, for our Proteſtant Religion's ſake, *you have ſtood in Jeopardy every Hour*, if I may not ſay, *you have been killed all the Year long!*

Great

Great Sir!

It were *now* to be hoped, that the *evil Spirit might be driven out of the Land.* That a *Sober, Righteous, and Godly Age* might commence. And, that *Engliſh Men* might, above all Men, *Fear God and Honour their King.* But only, *that which ſtill Letteth will Let, till it be taken out of the Way.*

Namely, the *Irreligion* and *Vice* of *Men of high Degree.* Men, ſo wild-grown, that they will neither do *your Majeſty* the favour, *to let you ſwear the next Oath.* Nor be ſo kind to their *fellow Subjects,* as *to keep their Profaneſs unto themſelves.*

Men,

Men, who, like poiſoned Fountains, diffuſe their Venoms. *From London to the Mount*, murder our *Morals*. And, *ridiculing all Laws*, Human and Divine; and *teaching Men ſo to do; do Debauch the better inclined Nation*. Wherefore,

The Application of your Royal Wiſdom to the *reclaiming* of them, is moſt humbly intreated. Inaſmuch as *their Reduction would be your whole Realm's* Reformation. And, would hugely *leſſen the Diſtance betwixt Heaven and this Earth*.

A more *glorious Service*, there is not for you to do under the Sun. There being no ſuch *Python*

thon as Rich Mens Sin is, for any *Apollo* to conquer. For this Service therefore, you have as many *Petitioners*, as you have Subjects who are of ſerious Religion. And, *which have gotten the Victory over the BEAST, and over his Image, and over his Mark.*

Of theſe *Chriſtian Catholicks* is he, who doth not *dedicate this undeſerving Book*; but only *commend its moſt meritorious Cauſe*, unto the *beſt* King in this World. The King leaſt needing to be *taught*, (tho he may need to be put in *Remembrance*) that *Kings and Subjects are invulnerable, but by their own, and by each others Sins!*

In

In which confidence, not *for Wrath*, but *for Conſcience-ſake*, he is,

Your Majeſty's moſt Faithful,
moſt Humble, and
moſt Obedient Subject,

DANIEL BURGESS.

To the Honourable

EDWARD CHEEK Esq;

In ITALY.

SIR!

IT *is only* Heaven, *that is ſtored with lovely Creatures, better than* Old-England.

Neverthelefs, your Abſence is more than a little Grievous. So, as the want of a Diamond *uſeth to be; even when it drops from a* Jewel, *wherein it leaves very* illuſtrious Conſtellations.

Howbeit,

Howbeit, in their penſive Thoughts *your Friends have very* Cordial Drops. *They have to conſider, that your* Travel *is not* Extravagance. *That your* Tranſplantation *is for* Culture. *And, what is more;*

That, through the Grace of God, you do keep the rare Sobriety, *which you carried with you. And, do gain the* rich Literature *which you went for. That you have made* Geneva *to value her ſelf, upon your Proficience there. And do not loſe your Time at* Milan.

Inſomuch that your Native Land grows big with Expectation. Expectation to receive her Treaſure *again, and with a* noble Intereſt. *To have you, e're it be long, in* Parliament Robes. *And, to have ſuch ſervice of your* Endowments, *as may add luſtre to the* bright Names, *both of* CHEEK *and of* RUSSEL. *Such*

Such as may make the STATE *and the* CHURCH *your Debtors. And, not admit it to be ſaid of your choice Parts, as a* Commoner *of this Nation ſaid of* an unhappy Lord's; *that* God gave the Uſe, but the Devil gave the Application.

For this, the beſt of Mothers is inſtant in Prayers. Her Honour's Cloſet *and* Chappel, *keep ſmoking with* Sacred Incenſe *for this. The excellent* Bathſheba *is thus active for her deareſt* Lemuel. *Hoping, that in convenient Seaſon, ſhe ſhall have the* Royal Pſalmiſt's *Cauſe to take up the moſt deſirable part of his words;* Bleſſed be the Lord God of *Iſrael,* who hath given me ſuch a Son, mine Eyes even ſeeing it.

Neither is her Ladyſhip alone, *in this Divine Service.* Offerings, *and* whole Burnt-Offerings, *do alſo aſcend*

cend from other Altars. *Particularly, he is one of your* Orators, *who is the* Author *of these following Pages.*

Pages, which, by Dedication *he maketh your own; for want of better means to acknowledg his Obligations, and to express his Affections to Mr.* CHEEK. *And the rather, because he hopeth, that, by the Blessing of the Almighty, their* Words of Truth and Uprightness, *will be* Nails *to fasten, and* Goads *to quicken, your laudable Vertues. Which is the only Ambition, of*

SIR,

Your most Obliged, most Affectionate, and most Obedient Servant,

Daniel Burgess.

Counsel to the Rich of this World.

CHAP. I.

Of God's particular Love, and Care of the Souls of the Rich.

Lords and Gentlemen,

THE *Lord most High hath sent me unto you*, and my Message is *Gospel*. If not, let it be *Anathema*.

The *Gospel* of the great Lover of Souls. Of *your Souls*, as truly as of any *inferior Ranks*. Yea, very *particularly* of Yours.

Indeed *the Poor* have his Gospel *Preached* to them. But they have it not *confined* unto them. And it is, unto the

Preaching of the Gospel; it is not to *Salvation by it*, that the Holy Apostle saith, *Not many Wise after the Flesh, not many Mighty, and not many Noble are called.*

Most certain it is; that, *Men of neither Poverty nor Riches*, are the *greatest number of Heaven's Guests.* But we are fully as certain, that *Men of all Orders* have the self-same Invitation. For to the Feast thereof, we are commanded by our Saviour, to bid *every Creature.* And, to proclaim, that *whosoever comes unto him, He will in no wise cast out!*

Yea, *singularly* doth the Lord, *rich in Mercy unto All*, invite you *Rich* ones. His primary Design in giving you your Riches, is to win your Hearts. By the good things of this Earth, he Allures and Perswades you to Heaven. By them, as by all his other Goodness, he *leads you to Repentance!*

For, what are Gifts, but *Messengers*, sent to fetch Affections to the Giver? And, is it not a Creature less ingenuous than Brutes, who is not a *Friend to him that giveth Gifts?* Gifts, so Useful, so Delectable, and so Rare, as your Riches. That *Good should be rendred for Evil,*

Evil, is a Truth of some *little Obscurity*. But, that *Good should be rendred for Good*; (the Good of Duty, for the Good of Bounty;) is a Truth of most Meridian-light, and incapable of doubt! But,

Are these *Good Gifts*, convertible to very *ill Uses?* Are your *Riches*, generally, your Snares? Do your *fat Soils*, usually breed Rank Weeds? Have your *Purples* and *fine Linen*, a qualitative Touch, making *proud Flesh?* And, do your *rich Wines* less *Recreate*, than *Intoxicate* you?

This, is as True as Sad. But, whose is the Fault? *He that reproveth God let him answer it!* God, the *Maker* of your Treasures is Wise; God, the *Donor* of them, *Gracious*. Most apt he *made* them, to enable and engage you to his chearful Service. And, it is sure, he bestows them on you for the Purpose! Giving you sufficient direction, for the Holy Use of them.

Who doubts, but, it is by means of its own Poison, that a *Spider* is made more Venomous by a *Flower?* When *Israelites* do turn *Egyptian Jewels* into I-

dols; who blameth the *Jewels*, the *Givers*, or *Any*, beside the Idolatrous *Abusers?*

They are wilfully blind who see not, that *God is kind*, *Riches are Innocent*, and the *Possessors of them are Peccant.* The Possessors, thrô whose Lusts, that which is Good, is made Death unto them. Prosperity, apt to be a Loadstone, to draw them unto their Duty; becomes a Stumbling-stone, and occasion of Revolt. Their Estates, which should be as *Joshua*'s, Leaders to *Canaan*, do become *Pharaoh*'s, that will not let them stir out of *Egypt.* St. *Austin*'s words are worthy of *Cedar*; *That Riches might not be thought to be the best Good, God gives them often to the worst Men; that they might not be thought to be evil Things, he gives them sometimes unto the best Men.* In short; your own Hearts do tell you, what a *Price* Riches are in a wise Man's Hand; tho they are so dangerous *a Sword* in a Mad Man's.

It is granted, you do most *pronely* abuse Divine Bounty. Behold ye, therefore, another instance of your Saviour's overflowing Kindness! *What should he have*

have done, that he hath not done for Rich Men?

His admirable Grace doth you the Favour, to give you loud Warning of your Danger! To tell you of *the Sin that dwelleth in you*; and of the *Temptations that do incircle you*; of the beguiling Serpents in your *Paradises*. And, of your *Deceivableness* by them, into the most deadly Sin. For, that you do incur; when like the unruly raging Sea, you do turn the sweet showers of Heaven into a filthy Brine.

He proclaims it extreamly hard, for you to be Saved. Not of design to put you into a *needless Fright*; but unto a *necessary Watch*. He gives you a kind Alarm, in an aweful Exclamation; *How hardly shall they that have Riches, enter into the Kingdom of God!* To the Life he paints forth the Difficulty, in a pathetical Simile: that of *a Camel going through the Eye of a Needle*. Expressing your Salvation to lie but *just within the line of Possibility*. And with great Prolixity, he *Inculcates* this. As most unwilling that, like unwary Bees, you should drown your selves, and perish in

your Honey. As resolving, that, if by any Warning, you will be Preserved, you shall not be Lost.

Nor is this his *Beacon*, all your Warning. No, he requireth all his *Ambassadors*, to be your like Monitors. Of any Mens Ears, especially, to *Thunder* in yours. Using *no more Gentleness*, nor any *less Severity*, than will do you Good!

Charge them that be Rich in this World, that they be not high-minded; nor Trust in uncertain Riches, but in the Living God, q. d.

None stand in more Jeopardy, than Men in Prosperity. The Places of none are more slippery. The Charms of no inchanted Men, are harder to be unbound. *Sampson* was less strongly fettered by the *Philistines*, than they by their Grandeurs. Wherefore,

Go temper your Ministrations, to the Quality of their *Spiritual Diseases*; not of their *secular Dignities*. Dare not flatter, and fawn on them. As you value their Lives, treat them not meerly with *soft Suasions*, and *oiled Words*. And with Rebukes as cold as *Eli*'s; *Not so, not so!* Take

Take up the *two-edged Sword of the Spirit*, and call for *fiery Tongues*, when you deal with a *Magnus*, or a *Dives*. Storm them with Vollies of Divine Commands: Commands the apteſt to tear *Cedars*, to break *Rocks*, to level *Mountains*. To humble an *Ahab*, to ſhake a *Felix*, to caſt down the ſtrong holds of a *Herod*'s Luſts!

Speak, as Preachers ſent from him, who * *dares ſay to a King, Thou art Wicked; and to Princes, Ye are Ungodly! Who accepts not the Perſons of Princes, nor regardeth the Rich more than the Poor; Becauſe they are all the Work of his Hands.* Fear not, as need requires, to give *Cordials* to the Pooreſt of the Pariſh, and *Vomits* to the Lord of the Mannor.

* The Text in *Job* 34. 17,18,19. ſhould be thus read. *Wilt thou condemn him that is moſt Juſt; to ſay to a King, thou art Wicked; and to Princes, ye are Ungodly? Who accepteth not*, &c.

Conſider the Rich, as Men under the *greateſt Truſts*; and reſponſible for the *greateſt Talents*. Men, whoſe Converſion is of more *mighty Influence*, than meaner Mens; and is therefore of more exceeding *Concernment to the Kingdom of God*. By theſe Thoughts of them,

be provoked to *double your blows* upon them.

Charge them, to *know themselves to be but Men.* And not to lift up themselves in their Imagination, above their *proper Region.* To remember, that Mountains of Gold and Silver, do not set a Soul nearer to Heaven, or safer from Hell. To beware, of taking too much State; of looking with Disdain, and of breathing out Scorn, upon their Overseers. Overseers, *of the Holy Ghost's making*, and armed with Power, to *retain their Sins or remit them.* Charge them to mortify their common, but cruel Lust; their Lust for the *pernicious Privilege*, of a way to Hell without any stop in it. For *the unmerciful Liberty* of Self-damnation, without any Contradiction! Finally,

Smite with the Hand, stamp with the Foot; lift up your Voice as a Trumpet: and give them no Rest, till they make God their Riches, and cease to make Riches their God. Strain with Holy Violence to set up the Kingdom of God, in the Rich of this World. Whether they will believe it, or no; shew that you

you his Miniſters, do believe, that, *God is not willing any ſhould periſh; but that all ſhould come to Repentance!*

One thing more muſt be added; *the divine Care of your Souls*, is illuſtriouſly expreſſed alſo, in *the abundance of your Chaſtnings!* For, of theſe *fatherly Inſtructions*, ordinarily, you have your Portions. Of theſe *refining Fires*, you have large ſhares. Of theſe *Medicines*, few have more Doſes. God dealeth not with you as with *Baſtards*, but as *Sons*. Your have his *Rod and Correction*, to give you Wiſdom. And, kindly he *hedgeth up your way with Thorns*; if by any means you may be kept from your fatal Folly.

Thus hath *God loved you*, O ye Rich of this World! Thus hath he teſtified, that *he would have you to be ſaved, and come to the knowledg of the Truth!* And, what will you render to the God of all this Grace? *Lebanon is not ſufficient, nor the Cattle on a thouſand Hills!*

There is no *blacker Guilt* than that of *Ingratitude*. *Breaches of Law*, be leſs contumelious, than *ſlights of Love*. If you render not *Thanks*, according to the

the Divine *Benefits*; you must expect *Wrath to the uttermost*, according to *Babylon*'s Judgments; *How much they have glorified themselves, and lived deliciously, so much Torment and Sorrow give them.* Wherefore *fear ye the Lord and his Goodness.* Amen.

CHAP. II.

Of the Ways whereby Prosperity slayeth.

THE *Rich hath many Friends*, saith the Royal Preacher. Yea, *more than be good*, saith every Spectator. Many, as the *Italians* speak, which *dwell at Placenza.* Which be bold to please you to your Hurt, and as fearful to offend you for your Good. Prompt to *court* you to Hell, and afraid to *chide* you to Heaven!

Sirs, Your State is like that of Men in a *Great* but very *Leaky* Ship. Unless you continually *Pump*, you unavoidably *Perish*. But, Hard Labour agrees with few of you. Nor can you much better hear of it, than *Lewis* the 11*th* could hear of Death; Death, whose *Name* was half the *Thing* to him. And,

And, as little do moſt who are about you incline to trouble you with it. One ſays as *Cain*; *Am I their Keeper?* No, let the *Chaplain* ſee to his *Lord and Ladies* Salvation! Another ſays as *Solomon*'s Sluggard; *There is a Lion in the Way, and I ſhall be bitten!* I know that a Bee gets nothing by ſtinging of a Bear. Another argues like *Judas*; *To what purpoſe is this Waſte?* It is as eaſy to make an old Man Young, as a Rich Man Wiſe.

But what Friends of God, or of your Souls, are theſe worſe than *Cannibals?* To your Souls, what is their Affection, whoſe *Silence gives Conſent* to your Damnation? Toward God, what can more prove an *Infidel*, than ſuch contrariety to his *Precept* and *Example?* Wherefore,

By your leave, and whether you will or no, it is to be ſaid as follows:

With a *Corrupt Nature*, common to *Adam*'s Race, you have *Trains of Temptations*, peculiar to *your own Rank*. All Men have Rubs in their way towards Heaven; but, upon *Oſſa*, you have *Pelion*. All our Lives, be continued Temptations. But yours be the moſt

multiplied

multiplied ones. For, what are your Estates but *Superfluities?* and see you not that things *superfluous* be generally *mischievous?* That *rank Corn* does still *Lodg. Overladen Boughs* do *break. Blossoms of extream Plenty,* seldom come to *maturity.* And *overgrown Bodies* be the *fullest of Maladies.* Besides, Satan knows, that one of you is *worth a thousand of us,* for his turn; and he accordingly strains to get you. And, there is no *Eve* but what offers you an hundred Apples, for every one that is presented to your Neighbours! You are encircled with Lures sufficient, if it were possible, to deceive the very Elect!

In short; your Riches are

Blinds to your Reason;
Opiats to your Conscience;
Fewel to your sensual Appetites;
Bellows to your Passion;
Extinguishers of Devotion;
Bars against the Cross of Christ;
Nets wherein Satan takes you;
Bands wherein he holds you;
Toils by which you do take Men; and
Chains by which you lead them Captives in Sin.

Inso-

Inſomuch, that it is of little wonder they ſhould *ſlay Fools*, and *wound the Wiſeſt* of you.

1. *Your Riches are Blinds.* The *Faculty* and Habit of Reaſon they do not deſtroy. But the *Uſe* and Exerciſe of it they do ſadly ſuppreſs. For, their ſpecious Vanities do perpetually *court* your *Senſes*; perpetually incur your Eyes, your Ears, and your Mouths. And thrô them make way into your *Fancies*. By whoſe quick and mighty Inſpiration, they do eaſily raiſe your *Paſſions*, and allure thoſe blind Powers to their embraces. Which being gained, your *Minds* are preſently bribed and blinded; your Underſtandings, given to be your *Guides*; conſtituted *God's Deputies* to order your Lives; made the *Eyes of your Souls*, to direct in all your Duties; to inhibit from *Evil*, and to inſtigate you unto *Good*; to teſtify your *Innocence*, or your *Guilt* in every Practice; and to *approve* or *condemn* you accordingly: theſe your Underſtandings are darkned by your Paſſions, your blind, but burning Paſſions; the ſmoke of whoſe Furnace puts out their Eyes, making

making them either to ſtand *Neuters*, or turn *Parties* for your Luſts. Utterly to neglect their Office, or act moſt contrarily to their Duty.

Thus, do your Riches murder your very *Thoughts*, as *Herod*, the Infants. Eſpecially, as *Pharaoh*, all your *Maſculine* ones. Thus, they do hold you entertaining your Fancies, and treating your ſenſual Appetites. Which is the Buſineſs and Pleaſure of Aſſes and Apes; not of Angels and Men. Thus they ſerve you, as the *Athenians* did the Men of *Egina*, cut off your Thumbs, and diſable you to every thing that is Manly; every thing, ſave pulling an Oar in their Galley. Miſerable ſervitude! wherein you are *all Fancy, no Thought.* And are ſet upon your Caſh, as Swine on their Draff; without one look Upwards. *Great Men do not know, the Rich do not conſider!*

2. *Your Riches are Opiats.* Your Conſciences feel them ſuch. Your Conſciences, which are inſeparable Faculties of your Souls. Which are *Laws* in them, and more unalterable than the *Medes* and *Perſians*. Are Witneſſes alſo; *Witneſſes,*

neſſes, not to be made away with. And are *Judges*; Judges for Life, and not *durante beneplacito*. But, theſe, (thank your Riches) are all aſleep in your Breaſts. For, as your Inheritances, and your Purchaſes do give you great *Power to Command*, they do take from you all *Will to Obey*. Their Duſt, as hath been ſaid, puts out your Eyes. And, as it is ſaid of the Belly, an unthinking Mind *hath no Ears*. While you ſee not the Lord over you, you hearken not to any of his Meſſengers. If Conſcience then as ſuch, be importune and troubleſome; loquacious, and imperious; what Peace? It is next and immediately under God and his Chriſt, ſupream Moderator and Governour. And its words are of Terror, greater than you can bear. Neither is there any Peace to be had, unleſs it be *humbly Obeyed*, or *utterly Suppreſſed*. Your high Eſtates make your Minds too high for the firſt. And furniſh you with means to ſtill the roaring Lion that troubles you. To give Sleep to that, which would take it from you.

A continual Feast of your Senses effectually does it. And your Riches do, all the Year long, hold this continual Feast. For, whatsoever your Eye, or any other Sense desires, you keep it not from them. The *Rarities of the Earth, the Air, and the Water*, are your *common* fare. *Velvets, and Tissue*, your *ordinary* Raiment. Very *Paradises*, your *plain* Gardens. Stately *Palaces*, your *constant* Dwelling houses. It's true, these things, tho they do never *satisfy*, do soon *cloy*. What is most sweet, by frequent use becomes Insipid. But, by *Variety, and Vicissitude*, you prevent that. The Servants of your Pleasure, do take off the wearinesse of one, by bringing you another. Insomuch, that Conscience can never find you *at home*, and *at leisure to be spoke with*. And having nothing to do with any, but with your Selves; or with your Selves, but in the businesse of your Souls; for want of Company and Businesse, it falls asleep. And what should be your *Seer*, becomes *Blind*. What should be your *Crier*, is *a dumb Dog, that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, and loving to slumber*.

3. Your

3. *Your Riches are Fewel.* Fewel to your Lusts, and vicious Desires. Desires, partly *Brutish*, and partly *Deviliſh*. Brutish and sordid, of things that are below Men; Deviliſh and Proud, of things that are above Angels. These, make the *University*, in which all Sins are bred and educated. These are the *Wombs* that bear, and *Duggs* which give Suck unto all. But, never so much as when high fed; when *pricked with Provender:* Which they always are, within every Rich Door. The Furniture of your Houses, consisting of little beside Blandishments. Blandishments, that foment Lust's *Warmth* to Heat; their *Heat*, to Fire; their *Fire*, to *Flame!* Flame, swift as Lightning, and only less extinguishable than that of Hell. From all the Elements you do fetch in alluring Objects. *Lavishing Gold out of the Bag*, for such whose Smoke doth most darken your Minds, and Fire enliven your Lusts. *Camerades*, you must have few, more than *ingenious Brutes.* Ingenious, to spring many games of Folly, and to disguise the Guilt of all, and their Ignominy. Whose servile Tongues,

and mercenary Hands, be Artists to dress your sensual Pleasures, and raise, your languishing *Appetites. These, with their much fair Speech, do cause you to yield. With the flattering of their Lips they do force you.*

4. *Your Riches are Bellows.* Bellows to your angry Fires. And, no less than unto your Lusts; which, have not more Hell in them, than your Wrath. Wrath, which whether *close* and Buried, or *open* and Burning; whether the hasty one of a *Wasp*, or the more *Slow*, but severer one of a *Lion*; always is a morbid Passion, always a deadly Gangrene! A Fever in the Heart, that kindles Fire in the Eyes; and if not check'd, gives the Face the paleness of Ashes. Makes Reason drunk; and like an *hasty Servant*, to post away without its Errand. And, as an *ill Dog*, to break out upon Friends, just as on Thieves. Yet this Fire do your Riches blow up. Your Plenty promotes this Anger, as much as any Desire. For, have you not felt it? Indignities, and storming Provocations, have place in your highest Regions. *Caligula* is ever and anon called a Dotard by

by a Cobler; a *Belizarius* is sometimes, fain to beg Farthings. You *mortal Gods* are not above Contempts and Crosses. Nay, you do meet with most, thô your Stomachs can digest them least. Your *Names* are greater than ours; and capacious of more Slanders. Your secular *Purposes* are more than ours; and you are liable to more Disappointments. Your *Self-esteem* also, and carnal Desires, appear more exorbitant than ours. And, consequently, your Calenture must be higher under every *Injury*. Yea, under any just *Slight*, or *Frustration*. Because no Serpents do more twine and wreath about each other, than Anger and Revenge do about Pride and Lust. Especially, Pride, as yours is, *armed with Power*; and Desire, as yours is, *edged with Expectation*. By this means; your larger Walks have more *pricking Briars, and grieving Thorns*; as well as more *beautiful Lillies, and sweeter Roses*, than ours. Your numerous Families, are, oftner than ours, boiling Furnaces. Boiling with Wrath and Bitterness, and running over with Clamour and Evil-speaking. *The way of Peace they know not.*

5. *Your Riches are Extinguishers.* Not *kindling* or *blowing* up impure Fires, more than they quench Sacred ones. Opulence, is a more notorious Enemy to Devotion, than want of Bread! *Devotion*, is highest *Estimation* of the Almighty; Supream *Love*, profoundest *Reverence*, constant *Dependance*, most entire *Obedience!* But, feel you not what a weight *thick Clay is* of? And how hardly, you, that are laden with it, can turn your Eyes, to any of these? Alas, your Possessions do take the full possession of your Souls! Of your Minds and Memories, of your Thoughts and Cares. Insomuch, that, as at *Bethlehem*, there is no Room in your *Hearts and Houses*; but the *Lord of the World* must out into the *Stable*, and be *laid in the Manger*. As little as they do cost, *Good words* are more than is allowed him there, by *all* of you. And they are *the most* that is allowed, by one of an hundred. If any thing be said to him in your *Closets*, the Door had need be shut for very Shame. The Complement of your Knees, at Morn and at Night, are unreconcileable to your Speech and Action all Day.

Wherein,

Wherein, he is plainly out of your Thoughts; and his *Name* is seldom, but very contumeliously in your Mouths. So truly saith the renowned old Chancellor of *Paris*; *God hath the least Rents from those who hold his greatest Farms.* And, wherefore is this owing? Why, the Prince of *Tyrus* is told, *Thy Heart is lifted up, because of thy Riches!* And, he who best knows, saith also of others; *Because they have no Changes, therefore they fear not God.* And, O memorable words! *They spend their Days in Wealth, THEREFORE they say unto the Almighty, Depart from us.* Yea, when you are disposed to speak, you do say as much your selves; Jer. 2. 31. *We are Lords, we will come no more unto thee, O God!* Were it otherwise, no Saint had ever deprecated Riches. But, without all peradventure, it is only possible to *possess*, and altogether *impossible, to serve, God and Mammon!*

6. *Your Riches are Iron Bars.* As from all Christianity, so especially from its *Cross.* From all *kinds*, and *degrees* of Suffering for it. Your Salvation, it's true, is wholly *bought* by your Redee-

mer's Sufferings; but it is not to be *received* without your own. And, you perfidiously desert his *Cause*, if, at his call, you do not promptly take up his *Cross*. You are no more than *Flatterers*, if in resolution, you be not his Martyrs. Neither *can you reign*, if you *will not suffer with him!*

But, *faring deliciously every Day*, weds you to Pleasure and Delicacy; makes you too tender to be blown on, by any adverse Wind. Like a *Palsy*, it slackens the Nerves, and loosens the Joints of your Souls; makes them Frightful. And, like a *startling Beast*, causes you in your Fright, to leap down a *Precipice* to avoid *a Shadow!* To turn aside and take the bite of a *Viper*, to avoid the prick of a *Pin*. To throw your selves into *eternal Flames*, to scape the Sufferings that be, comparatively, lighter than *Feathers!* It seduceth you into Conceits, that the Hill of your Prosperity, is the *Mount of Transfiguration*; and there's no good Life on any lower Ground. That, *Death*, is a very *Hell*; and a poor Life, is a very Death. That plain Food, makes but a durable Famine; that *ordi-*

nary

nary Clothes be but *Grave-Clothes.* And not to be *worshipped* by the World, is to be *buried* by it. So *Timorous* are you made by your Riches; and thereby, *Treacherous. Fearful, Unbelieving*, and *Abominable!*

7. *Your Riches are Nets and Bands.* Those, wherein Satan takes and holds you. He, and his Angels, cannot hurt you by *immediate Impressions.* It is by *Objects* without, that they work on your *Affections* within. They are notable Movers in your Sins, but, not without Gold and Silver Engines. By these, they do so move *your Wills*, as to take you Captive at *their own.* And, hold you as fast as their Malice can wish. The Devil is stiled *the God of this World*, as reigning in the deluded Men of it. But, delude you he cannot, nor *obtain* or *establish* his Throne in you, but by using worldly things to effect it! With these, he did set upon *the first*; yea, and the *second Adam.* Imagining, as it seems, that *Holiness it self* might be made to sin for this World's Glory. This made the *Primitive Christians* to suspect Riches; insomuch, that, *Trypho* the Jew, derided them as *Fools, and*

Men afraid of Temporal good Things!

Richly your Estates furnish Satan with materials for your Ruin. With the abundance of *this World*, to lay a-mort your Care of *the next*. With the Comforts of *this Life*, to make Snares for your *Eternal one*. *Agrippina* gave *Claudius* his fatal Poison in his most beloved Meat. And, with these things that do most please you, Satan doth most effectually poison you. Yea, he makes you to take his very Office out of his Hands, and turn Tempters to your selves. Thus are Riches kept to you owners thereof, *to your Hurt!* Thô the *Cock must crow loud that awakens* you to see it. Yet, the very *Turks* themselves have a saying, That *the World is but a Carcass, and they who feed on it are Dogs.* Lastly,

8. *Your Riches are Toils and Chains.* Such wherewith you your selves, do take and hold Multitudes to their Sorrow. As they do make you *easy Trophies of the Tempter*; so next unto him, they make you *the greatest of Tempters.* For, whatever their Wills be; *Poor-folk, and Yeomen,* are Babies at seducing.

You,

You, of the *Gentry*, and *Nobility*, are Plenipotentiaries. Your *great Dunghils*, (for no other are your *great Estates*) are heaps of *Worms and Flies*, to angle for any simple *Fishes*. Your Cellars and Pantries do draw in whole *Shoals* of them. Making your *Words*, the very worst of them, a Law of Iniquity to City and Country. No *Examples* do move so as yours. *Tully*'s Observation is most true, *The Manners of a Country do lie at your Mercy.* Your Examples, can set up Vices or Vertues. [*Corrumpere mores Civitatis vel corrigere possunt, Cic. de Legib.*] Your Practices do disguise Vices, and gild them with a very Creditableness. If *a Churchman* be busy, his Reproof is quash'd with your Authority. Or, if an Head be broke by any Reprover, your Smile is a considerable Plaister. No small Matter will make a *Tenant* afraid, of being as wicked as his *Landlord*. This you know, O ye *Jeroboam*'s, who do *sin, and make all* Israel *to sin*.

But, be it sadly acknowledged, *Lords* and *Gentlemen*; Prosperity, hath been all which it has been said to be, unto the

the very *Clergy* also. *Constantine*'s Gift, was a Dose of Poison; tho given with a good meaning. *Shepherds*, as well as *Sheep*, are baned with too high Feed. Like *Horses*, we grow unruly when pampered. Except but here and there a rare Exemplar of Mortification, the Sons of *Levi* do become as the Sons of *Eli*, they turn very *Hophni*'s and *Phineasses*, when they have *Benjamin*'s Messes. When they do very much more than *live* by the Altar, their scandalous Lives make Men to abhor their religious Offerings. The Heads are extraordinary, whom *high Places* do not make *Giddy*. The best of Men are most afraid of them. We cannot name many a *Sampson*, but the *Dalilah* of Opulence hath been too hard for him, and shaved his Locks. Queen *Elizabeth* dared to say, that *she spoiled a Preacher when she bestowed a Mitre*. All the World sees it; *too much Oil*, as well as *too little*, spoileth the *Lamps of the Temple*. *Strabo* calls a rich City of *Egypt*, *Neeropolis*, a *Town of dead Men*. Because so very many Dead, were therein kept Embalmed. And, every Rustick hath it in his Mouth; that,

that, where the *Benefice* is *Fat*, the *Miniſtry* is *Lean*, if not *Amort*.

But, Sirs; *to do you Juſtice*, very few of you do *this way* ſpoil us. Rarely it is, that you *Patrons* do kill *Incumbents* with kindneſs. Many are *ſtarved*, for every one that is *ſurfeited*. They may be as ſtudious as the great *Calvin*, and leave their Inventory as ſlender as his; which amounted but to *ſixty Pounds*, with his very *Library* thrown in. Thô many a hopeful Son of the Church be *Overlaid*, they are very many who take their Deaths in *Patmos*, not in *Arabia Felix*. And whoſe *Service* would be valuable, if their *Stipends* were not contemptible. You very well know, that, thô by Office they are *Angels*, by Nature they are *Men*. And, their *Bodies* be not as *Cameleons*. Nor are their *Books*, to be *bought* for ſo little, or to be *ſold* for much more, than Songs. Albeit, a *Miniſter* without thoſe *Utenſils* is but a *Workman* without his *Tools*. In a word; till their *Families* are decently maintained, and their *Libraries* competently furniſhed, you may not look to ſee your *Prieſts clothed with Righte-*

Righteousness, and hear your People shouting for Joy.

But to return to your selves. None of your Souls are taken from you by Force. All, which are *taken by Satan*, are *by your own Hands sold* to him! And, for what? *Poverty and Sorrow* are no *good Sterling*; nor do you ever part with your selves for them! *Wealth and Mirth* be the only *Coin that's Current*; the only Price, at which you let your Souls go. *Nec quisquam Animi causâ fit malus*, saith *Seneca*. None are so prodigal of their Service, as to serve the Devil *gratis*. *Esau*, will have *red Pottage* for it; *Ahab*, will have a *Vineyard*; *Gehazi*, will have *Sheep* and *Oxen*; *Achan*, will have a *Golden Wedg*; *Judas*, will have *three Pound eight Shillings and Sixpence*, (unto that Sum of ours, came his *Thirty Pieces*;) *Demas*, will try the Market; and have *as much as he can get*. In these things therefore, in these is your Danger. As it was exclaimed by a dying Miser; *In rich Grass, laid all my Snakes!*

You shall scarcely read of one in an Age, like unto *Job*. Who feared God, and

and eſchewed Evil, when he was *the Prince of the Eaſt*, more than when he was *Poor to a Proverb!* Or, like unto *Jehoſaphat*; who, then, when *all* Judah *brought him Preſents, and he had Riches and Honour in abundance; had his Heart lifted up in the ways of* Jehova. The Enjoyments which uſually fuel Mens *diabolick Luſts*, enflamed his *Seraphick Love*. Genteel and Noble, moſt Men are like *Hannibal*; in Wars victorious, but with Pleaſures vanquiſhed. In Affliction, they *Pray*; in Proſperity they *Blaſpheme!* The very *Man after God's own Heart*, was leſs exactly after it, upon his *Throne*, than in his Exile. Multitudes we have known, like to *the Lamps in the old Roman Tombs*. Which as long as they were *kept low and cloſe*, burned and ſhone with a Light very Glorious: But as ſoon as *taken up*, went out with a Stench.

Rarely are *hail Conſciences* held in the contagious Air of *ſecular Pomp*. *White Silver* draweth *black Lines* in all Hands. *Yellow Duſt* is *choaking* in all Throats. And, as *Mercury*, it kills Men that come by it ever ſo *Honeſtly*, if they uſe it not as

as *carefully*. Opinion it is, that gives it its *Worth*, and Opinion is sufficient also to make it your *Death*. For *Covetousness*, the Canine Appetite after it, is not more mortal than *Fondness*, and immoderate Esteem of it. To *covet* your Neighbours Vineyard, is a Sin very hainous; but to *overvalue* your own, is not at all less. The *Causes* and *Effects* of both, are alike malignant. It is said that the Runnagate from our Saviour, went away because *he had great Possessions*; (had them in Possession, and in *Admiration*) It is not said, nor can it be concluded, that *he coveted greater Possessions!* Wherefore,

Awake, Sirs, and look out! *A fronte Lupus, a tergo Præcipitium*; Before and Behind, your Dangers are great. *Plato*'s Thunder, is without a Bolt; he has falsely said, "*It's im-*

Ἀγαθὸν εἶναι διαφερόντως, καὶ Πλέον διαφερόντως, ἀδύνατον.

"*possible for you to be eminently Good*; *Rich Abraham*, was as Good on Earth, and is as Great in Heaven, as *poor Lazarus*. Except but Hell, one would have looked for a Saint any where, sooner than in *Nero*'s *Court*. Yet in that

that Cage of all Uncleanneſs, there lived ſome Birds of Paradiſe. Your *Seneca*'s words are very Sun-beams; "*To* "*keep Chaſte in the bed* "*of Proſperity, is of ex-* "*tream Difficulty.* You may be ſaved, it is moſt ſure; yet, *ſo as by Fire.* No Men *take the Kingdom of Heaven*, but *the Violent*; or any way, but by *Force.* Nor may you, Rich, look to take it but by *ſpecial Force and Violence.* Up then, and be Doing; and God ſpeed you. For your Eyes are Witneſſes, the moſt do *ſleep the ſleep of Death.* And if here and there, one of you do *ſtand by Grace*; yet, *Thouſands at his ſide do fall*, (God knows whither) *and Ten thouſand at his right Hand!* Is this an hard Cenſure? And is it ſaid to your Monitor, as it was ſaid to our Saviour; *Thou art a* Samaritan, *and haſt a Devil?* I dare, in his Name, to reply in his words; *I have not a Devil, but I honour my Father! My Father, of whom ye ſay that he is your God!*

Uſq; adeó difficillimum eſt magnarum rerum Contubernio, non corrumpi.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

To the Dissolute and Profane.

DEvils are not all of them equally Outragious; nor are all their Children alike Vicious: some are *chief of Sinners*; *and farther from God's Kingdom* than others. And the name of this sort among you Rich, is *Legion*; *for they are many.* And, unto them I now turn me.

Sirs, both *Worshipful*, *Honourable*, *and Right Honourable*;

You are they, who have turned your selves upside-down! Deposed the Man, and Enthroned the Beast in you. Who have fallen out with *Reason*, *Judgment*, and *Conscience.* And have taken *Sense*, *Fancy*, and *Passions*, for *King*, *Lords*, and *Commons.* Supposing the former to be *Sicilian Tyrants*; and these latter to be least *Dread*, when most *Soveraign.* Glorying therefore in your Bodies made Channels for your Lusts, and your Souls made Slaves to both. You are the Men,

Men, who value alike the Holy *Bible*, and the *Alchoran*; the *Lord's Prayer*, and an *Ave Maria*; the *Ten Commandments*, and *the Laws of* China; the Holy *Sacraments*, and Ropes of Sand. Who mind no more *Heaven and Hell*, than the Elysian *Field*, *and* Stygian *Lake*. Who deem it to be base, and below the strain of your Spirit, to tremble at the Divine Word. Or to fear its Judgments denounced, before you feel them Executed. Despising all *Arguments*, but *Storms* and *Whirlwinds*, *Flames and Thunderbolts!*

Who, to the utmost of your Power, do *cast out of your Thoughts*, *him that hath Power to cast you into Hell Torments.* Who do banish your *Omnipresent* Maker out of your Minds. Racking your *weak Brains* to serve your *ill Humours*, and to perfect their Mastery over your *Consciences.* To possess you of the Heroical Perfection of Scoffing at Religion! And of exposing what you name the squeamish Folly of Devotion. Who do make use of *Pasquils* and *Bottles* to mortify *natural Principles*, and to exhilarate your Frenzy. That as *King John* said of his Buck; *look how Fat it is, the*

it never heard Mass; You may boast *what a Paradise you have found, without looking into a Church.* And what *undisturbed* Lives you have, tho they are like the Sheet in *Peter*'s Vision, *full of all unclean Things.*

Whose *God*, is a Trinity of *Colours*, *Tastes*, and *Sounds.* Whose *Business*, is, therewith, to entertain your Senses. Whose *Schools*, are Play-houses. Whose *Books* are Cards and Romances. Whose *Language*, is profane Swearing and Swaggering. And whose *Life*, (if a Life it be) is Rage, Riot, and Sleep.

Who are *Ahabs*, that have perfectly *sold your selves.* Reserving no more, than the poor *Ruines of your reasonable Nature.* Ruines, which are not *Mutes*; but *loud Witnesses* against you; as you do know to your Sorrow. For as small as *Bees* are; getting their Stings into the Nose of a *Bear*, they torment him. As small as *Mice* are; creeping into the Trunk of an *Elephant*, they make him very uneasy. And, as small as the *Reliques of your Reason* are, they do make every *Felix* to tremble, as oft as they can get an Hearing from you. They do together

together ſhame your *Rebellion* againſt them, and extort your *Veneration* of them.

For railly and break *Jeſts*, as faſt as you break *Laws*, if you pleaſe; but know ye Sirs, *Abdicated Reaſon is Reaſon ſtill.* Neither are you able to let go your Eſteem of it, as Tragically as you do uſe it. Somewhat there is within you, which will ſtill prefer *Hands and Feet* above *Horns and Hoofs.* And, if for no other end; you would have an *Humane Spirit* to cater for your *Brute Fleſh.* Notably you *do darken Counſel by words without Knowledg. The words of your Mouth are as a ſtrong Wind.* But as *Zophar* asked *a great Prince*, you are asked; *Should your Lies make Men hold their Peace, and when you mock ſhould no Man make you aſhamed?* God forbid. For *there* is yet ſome *Hope concerning you.*

Inſomuch, that, he who made you doth appeal to this *relict of Reaſon* in you. And ſo muſt all, who attempt to reſtore you. To call you *home from Graſs*, and perſwade you to turn, and be Men again!

This being my attempt; *Riſe*, I beſeech you, and make it yours too. Up,

and ſtrain, and try, whether it be as impoſſible to you to *think*, as to *fly*; and to be *moved* by Thoughts, as to be *recovered* without them! There is (you rich Men do know) a Civility due to Strangers. As very Strangers as you, and your Reaſon, and your Conſciences are grown; yet, for once, *give them a patient Hearing!* Hear, and *do not interrupt them while they are ſpeaking*. Hear, and *anſwer*, every one of you; *Bray* not and *bark* not, but *anſwer* what is asked; they do ask you Man by Man, in your *Cowley*'s Strain;

Is this thy Bravery, Man, is this thy Pride?
Rebel to God, and Slave to all beſide?

Thô *Strangers* they be, they are of *no inferiour Quality*. They are *Judges*; and have their Commiſſion from the *Supream King*. They are by the *Father of your Beings*, made your *Guardians*; and without their keeping, he will not keep you. Neither are they your *Enemies*; no, but your *inward Friends*, and your very *ſelves!* If they ſhew you a *Sword*, it is to ſtop your Paſſage

in

in *Harms way*; as the Angel's was to ſtop *Balaam*. If they call you out of a *pleaſant City*; it is but to fetch you, as *Lot*, out of a *Burning one*. They utter no harder ſaying to any Man living, than St. *Paul's* to the Jaylor; *Do thy ſelf no Harm!*

A *Lunatick* is ſaid to have claſped about the middle of a *Sophi*, upon *Paul's* Steeple; ſaying, *Come let us leap down!* Nay, ſaid the *Sophi*; that every Child can do. But *let us go down, and try if we can leap up.* Mad are the Men, who are for *leaping down*; Men of Senſe, are for *leaping up*; even as high as Heaven.

Yea and know it for your Comfort, Sirs! As high as Heaven is, more than a few have been raiſed up to it, by this pair of Thoughts;

Godlineſs is Profitable unto all things;
The Meek God will teach his Way.

Godlineſs is Profitable to all Things.

To all deſirable things; all, at which Wiſdom can *aim*, as its Ends; and which it will *proſecute* with ſtudied Means. *Seneca* brands you for Mad,

if these you do not know, and pursue. Mad, and as fit to be kept in the *Tower*, as *other Lions*. Or in *Bedlam*, as other People who are beside themselves. In *Amsterdam*, there be Houses of Correction for the *Debauched* of both Sexes. The *Raspelhuis* for Men; and the *Spinhuis* for Women. And, Dr. *Brown* reporteth, the *rich Hollanders* to be so Wise, as to have their *extravagant Children* taste the Discipline of them. A pity it is, that *rich English men* do not the same. If Sober you be, you must necessarily seek, as your Moralist thinks,

Honour, Riches, Victory over
Peace, Health, the fear of
Pleasure, Courage, Death!

1. But, Honour would you have, and *Eminency*, which is stiled a *second Patrimony*. Not the *Rich*, but the *Wise do inherit Honour*. Sensuality, makes your Name as *Carrion*. Religion makes it as a precious *Ointment*. Precious, and preferrable to Riches, Peace and Life it self. Life, which it far outlives; and which, without it, is useless and

and comfortleſs. Be it then conſidered; Is there any *Foundation for Honour* without Religion? Who, beſides Idiots, do eſteem *Ships* for their Carving and Painting? Or *Swords* for their gawdy Hilts and Scabbards? Or *Men* for their Titles and Eſtates? Sober Minds do judg of Ships by their *Sailing*; Swords, by their *Cutting*; and Men, by their *Reaſoning and Acting!* Say then nextly; What *attribution of Honour* can be made to a Man that is Wicked? To *think* him Good, is to miſtake him; to *call* him ſo, is to call black, white; and crooked, ſtreight!

Sirs, your Places of Dignity are things *extrinſecal*; and can claim no more than *outward Reſpect*. The Ceremonies of Cap and Knee, they do make your due; and but little elſe. For *Copper* is not *Gold*, tho it be *Money*; Stamp doth not alter Metal. A *Beaſt of the Town*, is as very a Beaſt, as any *of the Field*; and worſe, thô he be *Knighted* or *Lorded*. Among *Pagans*, as well as *Chriſtians*, it has been ever ſo judged. What *Eulogies* gave the *Heathens* to a poor *Socrates*, and *Epictetus*? And how

did they brand a Rich *Nero*, and *Heliogabalus*? In the Sacred Writings, *Antiochus Epiphanes* is named *the Vile*. Antiquity had an Art to embalm *dead Bodies*, but not *wicked Names*. Theſe, could never be kept from Putrefaction. The *Goſpel* buried the Rich Sinner's *Name!* But, honourably mentions the poor Saint's; *The Beggar named* Lazarus, *was carried by Angels into* Abraham's *Boſom*. Rich, or Poor, *A wicked Man is Loathſome, and cometh to Shame*. But, *Righteouſneſs doth exalt a Nation*. The Renowned Virgin *Agatha*, being asked, why ſhe ſtained the Glory of her *illuſtrious Parents*, by her *Severities* exerciſed on her ſelf, made anſwer, that *Chriſtianity was Nobility and Glory*.

It is true; Irreligious Men are *Moles*; blind and incompetent Judges. Infinite Wiſdom and Truth, ſtiles them *Bears*, and *Vipers*, alſo; *hurtful* things and *hateful*. Not is it to be expected that they ſhould be forward to praiſe their *Oppoſites*. But it is moſt worthy of your notice; that the Luſtre of Religion is ſuch, that *Moles* themſelves cannot

cannot but see it. And, *Vipers* themselves cannot but inwardly venerate it. Otherwise what should make the blindest and basest of Men, to *counterfeit* Religion? None do go to the cost, or do take the Pains, to counterfeit any thing that is not *precious*. And, what should be the Reason, that incarnat Devils do not revile *Religion*; but as they do disguise it, and put it under the name of *Hypocrisy*, and of *Superstition*? Yea, and as oft as they *come* to themselves, they do *loath* themselves. During the reign of Vice in them, they *provoke others to sin*, that they may *abolish*, or *lessen*, their own Shame, by making it common.

2. *Peace and Quietness* who craves not? But all the World sees, they are not the Rich, but *the Righteous* who *are delivered out of all their Troubles*. Vanity and Voluptuousness, are open fountains of Plagues and Vexations. *Neglected Duties*, *violated Laws*, and *injured Neighbours*, do drown *Mannor-houses*, yea, and *Palaces*, in Contentions and Woes. As on the contrary, there is no *Ark of safety*, like the *Practice of Piety*. Religion makes a *Cottage*,

tage, a safe and sweet Habitation. *Innocence and Repentance*, do make a *Musick Room* of a *Prison*. The discreet Apostle asks not, *Who is he that will harm you if you heap up Gold?* But, if *you follow that which is Good?* The Invisible Ruler of the World, makes himself known by his Judgments, upon the Richest that do contemn him. And, *Worms themselves will turn*; the Poor, whom you tread on as Down-*Hedges*, do not unfrequently *bite your Heels*. But, Earth as well as Heaven favours Religion! God loves, and makes the *worst* of Men *to be at Peace* with a *Good* one!

Indeed, Times there are, wherein the Lord of both, sees Good, to try *who is of his Side!* And, in these, the *better the Man, the greater his Persecution*. But, what then? Be it under *Affliction* by his own Hand, or under *Persecution* by Men's, all is one. He never fails to supply Good Men with *Courage*, and to support them with *Comfort!* Such, as render them rather Objects of *Envy* than of *Pity*. And of such, more than of any, it is said; *Let me die their Death*,

Death, let my last End be as theirs! There is such a *Spirit of Glory* rests upon *sincere Christianity* in Tribulation, as well *as out* of it. Such a Vertue internal Holiness hath, to *expel Fears, and to rejoice in Hopes.* But, be the *Kings* of the Earth ever so much *nursing Fathers*, and *Queens nursing Mothers*; without *Practical Religion*, there can be nothing but a *Hell upon Earth. Without*, you will have *Fightings*; and *within*, you will have *Fears.* Feeling *the Curse that goeth over the Face of the whole Earth, by which every one that Stealeth is cut off on this side, and every one that Sweareth is cut off on that Side!*

3. If you ask for *Pleasure*, look no further. Here it is; here it Lives, it Moves, and it has its Being. They who have taken the largest draughts of *all Wines*, will tell you so, and be Vouchers, that the Sweetest and Richest are from our Saviour's *Vineyard.* We are agreed, I suppose, what Pleasure is. That, it is founded in *the congruity of Objects, unto Faculties.* And, consists in *the satisfying Use of the things which we possess.* Nor will it be denied, but, that

that the more noble the *Objects*, and the more capacious the *Faculties* be, the more satisfying, and transporting the *Delights* must be. Else the Pleasure of *Brutes*, and very *Insects*, might be thought to equal *Mens* and *Angels*. As readily also it must be granted; that, tho *vitiated Faculties* have *peculiar Gusts*, to which, very *nauseous* things are *grateful*, and *pernicous* ones are *pleasant*: Yet in such Cases, Men are beholding to their *Distempers* for their *Delights*. And, their Pleasure, as it *proceeds from Delusion*, it *partakes* of it. True *Satisfaction* and Complacence; rising only from *proper Objects*, and *regular Faculties*. When the *Light* is pure, and the *Eye* is sound; the *Food* wholesome, and the *Stomach* good. Wherefore,

Whether it be *Vertue* or *Vice*, whose *Ways* are *Pleasantness*, judg ye. Yea, whether Vertue promotes not Pleasure, *Naturally*, as well as *Morally*? Whether, as it *best deserves* it, it doth not *most work* it? There is no *sensible* Pleasure from which it doth restrain you; but such as is *below* and *against* you.

Such,

Such, as hath incomparably more *Sting*, than *Honey*. And, is together opposite to your *Reason*, and to your *Interest*. It multiplieth *intellectual*, and refineth *animal* Pleasures. Providing against their natural Emptiness and Vanity; of which they are apt, quickly to *satiate* you, and worse. It teaches you to *use* them, so as to *enjoy* them. To *eat* so, as not to *surfeit*; to *drink* so as not to *vomit*; to *embrace* so, as not to *rue it*. Let the fattest and fairest of your Countenances be looked on, whose Tables groan under *Stalled Oxen*; and the Countenances of such, whose Feast is a *Dinner of Herbs*. Presently, it shall be seen, in whose Faces the *Oil of Joy* doth most shine. Boast not of your *Sports* and Diversions; what of them is *Moderate*, Religion allows. And whatever is more, doth not *recreate*, but *waste* you. Glory not in your *grosser Shames*; like, *Claudius* his Mushrooms, tho Pleasant, you do know they are Poisonous. Like the stately Horse of *Cn. Seius*, they are attended with this mischief; that, *whoever has them is sure to suffer by them*. Their luscious Honey, breeds a *Choler* so deadly.

deadly. Dissoluteness was never without *Vultures on its Liver*. But, the Sun will want Light, and the Sea Water, when Religion's destitute of Pleasure! For,

Repentance it self, *Self-denial*, and *Mortification*, are a very *Canaan. There's Milk and Honey flowing* in them, as little as you think it. Because, the Vices that made them *disagreeable*, being removed; Mens *Natures* being changed, and *Faculties* rectified; the *Disproportion* is removed, and an *Agreeableness* is induced. What? Is it not Pleasure to the *sound* Man to Walk; tho it was Torture to him when *Lame?* Is it not gladly that Men *keep the Cup from their Mouths*, when they are thoroughly cured of their *Dropsies? In the midst of Laughter, your Hearts are sorrowful*: but, in the *midst of Sorrows*, Penitents Hearts are *joyful*. Yet, if it were otherwise, a Wise Man would choose to bear the Pain of his *Medicine*, rather than of his *Disease!*

Are many *pretenders to Sanctity*, very *sowre?* Many, who *are thought to be Religious*, bitterly *morose?* What then?

So

So are Multitudes of you, who are Irreligious. And, all who understand their Religion or themselves, will acknowledg; that, it is not *Christianity*, but the *want of it*, that gives Men their *Melancholy*. For, they cannot but know; that Chearfulness is both a *Reward*, which Divine Bounty bestows on the Religious; and a *Duty*, which Divine Wisdom requires from them. In a word, suppose Vice to be as pleasant as ever it was conceited; he that leaves Vertue for it, he leaves the *Sun* for a *Gloworm*, and a *Canaan* for *Cabul!*

4. Are *Riches* of any account with you? Or, hath their *Familiarity bred Contempt?* If those Hedges, which keep you from being trampled on by your Neighbours, be in much request, please you to consider; *Godliness hath the Promise of the Life that now is.* And, *in its Left Hand are Riches.* i. e. The *Possession*, and use of this World's Goods, and *Contentment* with them! For, a *Man* is no more enriched with them, than a *Chest* is, if he doth but *possess*, and not *use them.* And, *Use* without *Content*, is as bad as *Possession* without *Use*;

Use; Poverty it self can be no poorer, than the Man who has not set a limit to his Desire. But, Religion it is, that teaches the true Art of *Getting* and *Keeping*; and no less of *Using*, and *Enjoying* your Portion under the Sun. Sensuality brings to a Morsel of Bread, and clothes a voluptuous Heir with Rags. Accordingly, for the most part you do see, Families, Cities, Nations, the most *Religious*, to be the most *Prosperous*. The most *illustriously* and *durably* Prosperous. *Fartheſt from bare Feet, and Wooden Shooes.* Richeſt themselves, their Children, and their Childrens Children!

Is Religion *open-handed and liberal?* Yes, and its Liberality is a *laying up Treasure in the safeſt Bank.* A *lending* it out, upon the best Interest. *Making Friends* in the Court of Heaven with it; and making the *continual Feast* of a good Conscience with it. Which, doth as little tend to Poverty, as scattering of *rich Seed* in the most *fertile Soil!*

Doth Vice appear a *plain way* to Opulence? It doth so; Sordid Living, Fraud, and Oppression, are the *beaten Road,*

Road, and do ſeem to be the *Direct* one: But they are the quite contrary. For, *commonly*, they do make Poor; and, *laſtingly*, they do never make Rich. Penury, *ſtarves* a Thouſand, for every one that it does *fatten*. Fraud, is a *Partridg* that ſits upon Subventaneous Eggs, and hatcheth not. Or if otherwiſe, the *infamous Brood* is but ſhort liv'd. The Gain of the Oppreſſor, haſtens to the *Collectors for the Poor*. Oftime's Mens *Malice*, or *Juſtice*, but always Divine *Vengeance*, cruſheth all three. And, let the *Mines* of one *India*, and the *Spices* of the other, be gained by a *looſe* Man, he ſhall ſtill be a *poor* One! But,

It will be asked; And are not the Communion of Saints *the Poor of this World*, alſo? The anſwer is eaſy. *Comparatively*, they are Poor; of lower Condition, than you whoſe *abundance* is generally your *Deſtruction*. But, *abſolutely* they are Rich. For, their *little is Good, and better than your great Riches*. Their *Appetites*, are *Healthful*; yours, are *Canine*, and *Dropical*. Their *Enough* is a *Feaſt*; and your

Feasts are not Enough. They are as *Having nothing, yet, Possessing all Things.* And, besides; *the Poverty of Good Men, is not always owing to their Goodness.* Defect of *Diligence*, and of *Providence*, and of various *Duties*, brings them into their Straits. Nor would they be so *needy*, if they were more *holy*. *Drowsiness* bringeth some to their Rags. And, prevailing *Pride*, giveth others a Fall. Rarely it is, that *Saints* do want *Necessaries*; and that they lay the Blame on any thing, so much as on their *Sin*, when they do want them!

5. *Health*, the Life of Life, must needs be a Pearl, and precious with you. And, will you not believe your Eyes? Or, can you chuse but see, Religion gives *Health to the Navel, and Marrow to the Bones?* In its Hand, is the *length of Days, with the Sweetness of them. Youth*, it beautifies, and sweetens; and, it makes the most, and the best, of *Old Age!* Puts a rare Balsam into all Blood. Mortifies the *VICE*, that by natural Efficacy works Disease. Prevents *wild Passions* of Mind, and all *intemperance* of Body; which give the Humours a Ferment,

Ferment, that sometimes createth *present Sickness*; and always disposeth for *future*. A Chearful Mind it imparts, which *doeth good like a Medicine*. And if any such be, is a Catholicon, both for *Cure* and *Prevention*.

All Experience doth verify this Theory. The best Learned King of *Israel* makes his Appeal. *Who hath Wo? Who hath Sorrow? Who hath redness of Eyes? They that tarry long at the Wine.* In the Old Testament, he was the *Meekest Man*, whose Eye, when Old, was not Dim; and his Natural Force was not abated. In the New Testament, he was the *Disciple, whose Thoughts, and Writings ran all upon Divine Love*, who enjoyed a more vigorous Old Age than his Brethren. All Ages are witnesses, how generally, *vitious* Lives are *short* Ones. How *Surfeits and Debaucheries* inflame Blood, spend Spirits, and *cut Lives in halves*. You do know, that much will not be given you, for a Lease of a Lewd Man's Life! *Temperance is the best Physick*, saith Bishop *Sanderson*. And *the Precepts of Christ well observed, would prevent as many Diseases as his*

Miracles cured; saith grave Mr. *Lukin.*

6. *Courage*, to look dangers in the Face, is a covetable Excellence. This World is a *rough Sea.* The viciſſitudes of *Calm and Storm*, are as conſtant as thoſe of *Night and Day!* And it is an ill thing to be without this *Anchor*, when Billows do roar. But, except a *Religious one*, there is no Spirit of *Boldneſs*, and of a *ſound Mind.* It is true, a *Wild Man* may have the Metal of a *Blind Horſe.* Yet, the moſt of them do *fear* the Deity in a Tempeſt, which they *deny* in a ſtill Weather. And, it's only the *Righteous Man*, who *is bold as a Lion*, i. e. with a Strength and Sagacity ſufficient to his ſafety. Vice, raiſeth Tumults in your Minds; and cannot lay them. It is a thing too *exorbitant*, to be other than *impotent.* Religion, as it is a Heavenly Wiſdom and Strength, to *prevent* Cauſes of diſtracting Fear; ſo it carries in it a Power to overrule the blind Paſſions; which otherwiſe, will diſtract us *without any Cauſe.* Vice doth darken, deform, and debilitate your Spirit. Religion, enlarges your Mind, exalts your Wills, eradicates your baſe Paſſions.

Paſſions. Maketh your Souls to bear the change of *Affairs*, as a ſound Body doth the change of *Weathers*; without much Prejudice and Impatience. For, (what an ill Man can never be) *a Good Man is, ſatisfied from himſelf. His Heart not condemning him, he hath Confidence toward God!* A Confidence, excelled by nothing but the *beatifical Viſion*. And, ſuch as gives the ſublimeſt Comforts in the loweſt Conditions. Whereas, in all ſuch, wicked Mens *Fears* do uſe to be proportionable unto their *Guilts*. It is certain, that a *Galaxy* was never found in their *Globe*. *Furies*, in the *Pagan-dialect*, do haunt and ſcourge them. *Terrors are upon them*, as the Sacred *Scripture* ſpeaks; *Darkneſs is hid in their ſecret Places*; *a Fire not blown ſhall conſume them*. Indeed,

Wit and *Courage*, are the things, whereof vicious Men do ſingularly make their Boaſts. As thô their Minds were the Cleareſt, and their Hearts the Stouteſt of any. But, alas, no *Geeſe* are ſo ſilly, no *Hares* of ſuch Puſillanimity. Where is their great *Wit*, who know

nothing of their true *Interest*? And do pursue no higher Delights, than the inglorious ones of Swine and Goats. Proud of their *fat Quails*, and not ashamed of their *famished Souls*. Where is their *Valour*, who fear and fly from Vertue's warfare? Tho they must suffer a present Hell, and a Future, for their running from it. Who dare not *say Nay* to a Lust, or to a loose Companion; no, tho they bid them to run upon the *Pikes of their Conscience*, and the *Mouth of Heaven's Cannon*, and upon *more Deaths than one!* Their Wit and *Courage*, if they must be said to have either, are just like an Ulcer; *the bigger the worse*. Being no other than *Diseases*, and *Reproaches*.

7. Finally, is *Happiness in the next World* desired? you have no *Lucid interval* in this World, but without doubt it is so. For, tho, while you are dozed, you may dream; and when best awaked, you may *wish* there were no Future State; you are not able to dispossess your selves of *the Belief*, that there is one! *Noctu & Sibi*, saith *Seneca*; In the Night, and when you are Alone; when

when you, and your Selves, do, and muſt, come together; you cannot think *Atheiſts* to be *Orthodox*, and *Religious* Men to be *Fanaticks*. No more than you can think the *Priſoners in Bedlam* to be the *Sages* of the City, and the *Merchants* upon the *Exchange* to be the *Idiots and Lunaticks*. *Mentiuntur qi dicunt*, ſaith the Pagan Eccleſiaſt, *A Lie will not choak ſuch as ſay that they think there's no God, and no Life to come!*

Sirs, *Is there any where a Man, but there is a Conſcience?* Does any one *act*, and not *reflect* upon his Actions? Is there ever *a Party*, but what is his own *Judg* too? And,

Can there be a Conſcience without a Law? How come Men to make Conſcience of any thing, if they be under no Law or *Obligation?* And, why ſhould they, if they be accountable to no *Authority?* Conſcience, without *Law*, is of no *Force*. And, can you tell,

What is a Law without a Sanction? Without a Confirmation by *Rewards* and *Penalties*. What is a Law when diſarmed of this? What is it more than the Sign of a *George on Horſeback* over

a Door, which neither commands any Body in, or keeps any one out? *Law*, and *Punishment* are Relatives; and mutually connote each other, in the common Sense of all the World. Whereever *Precepts* be the Rule of Subjects Duty, *Sanctions* are the Rules of Princes Process. And, doubt you but that,

A Sanction implies a Judg? A Judg, without whom, *Precept* and *Sanction* were vain. And might be disregarded, without *Loss*, or *Hazard*. But, say also;

If there be a Judg, must there not be a Judgment-Day? A Day of solemn *Trial*, and final *Judgment*. Wherein, he who now *rules* the World with Patience, will *judg* it in Righteousness? Who can wink so close, but he must see this?

But, *what, if the Doctrine of this Doomsday, were of any Uncertainty?* What, if it did admit of *Question*, and were no more than a *probable Opinion?* What, if, (as one speaks) there were an *even lay between the Negative and Affirmative?* Would not *Wisdom*, bid us stick to the *safest side of the Question*; and make that *Hypothesis* the Rule of your

your Life? Inaſmuch, as, if no ſuch Day do come, *Good Men* muſt fare as well as *Bad ones*. But, if it doth come, they muſt fare as much better, as *Rivers of Eternal Pleaſure*, are more ſweet than a *Lake of unquenchable Fire!* Τὶς οἶδεν, ſaid *Euripides*; and it was often repeated by *Pyrrhon* himſelf, *Who knows but to Die is to Live?* To return then;

Religion, which is the *only Salt*, to ſeaſon and ſweeten this Life, is the *only means* to be thought of, for ſecuring the next.

Phrenzy it ſelf cannot imagine, that Contempt of the Supream King, is the way to Preferment in his Court! Or, that, he who is *only Wiſe*, will ſet Crowns of Glory upon Fools? That he will make them happy for ever, who diſdain to ſeek his Acquaintance and Favour! And do as plainly love *Earth, more than Heaven*, as they love *Heaven more than Hell!*

The Future Bleſſed State, is *a Penny*, which the Lord of it thinks too much for any, but *Labourers in his Vineyard*. Yea, Labourers to the Death therein. It is *a Treaſure* that he gives to none, but

but ſuch as part with their *Sins*, and are diſpoſed to part with their *Lives*, for it. It is *that Joy of his*, which no one muſt have, but they who do faithfully improve his *concredited Talents*. It is *that Feaſt*, whereto none are admitted, but ſuch as have on them the *Wedding-Garment*, *i. e.* Imputed Righteouſneſs, Inherent, and Practical! It is *that Prize*, which none obtain, but they who *accompliſh their Race*. It is *that Crown*, which none muſt receive, but they who *fight* and *conquer* Fleſh, World, and Devil. It is *that Houſe of the King*, wherein no Man gets a Manſion, but he who enters in at the *Straitgate* of Chriſtianity. It is that *Inheritance*, which belongs to none, but to *new-born* Children, as well as *Adopted* ones. And to ſuch as not only *are* Children, but do *walk* as Children of the Moſt High! Wherefore, in every reſpect, *Bleſſed are they who hear the Word of God and keep it!*

Ask you, now, ſeriouſly, *What you ſhall do?* Or, deriſorily, *What it is that you can do?* And, whether it be preſumed in what hath been ſaid, That

diſor-

diſordered Clocks can ſet themſelves to rights? Or, *dead Men* recal their Lives? And, *Men, whom Satan hath bound for many Years*, can looſe, and let themſelves go?

Sirs, You ſhall not be ſet about ought, that is either *unneceſſary*, or *impoſſible*. It is true; being corrupted in your nobleſt Parts, you can never reſtore your ſelves. In the Body, no Principles of Conſtitution can cure a Gangrene. And, in the Soul, when the *Underſtanding* and *Will* are vitiated, nothing of their own can reſtore their Rectitude. Becauſe, the *Mind* that ſhould direct, is more than Ignorant; even Erroneous. And, the *Will* that ſhould Command, is more than Impotent; even Malicious. Yea, and *Sin*, as deadly as it is, doth not *ſmart*, but *ſtupify* you; whereby your Vices, even the moſt cruel and ſanguinary ones, be made like *Soldiers Arms*; not at all *uneaſy*, or any more *a Burden* to them than their very *Limbs*. And, more than that, they be even *Ornaments* in their Sight. Of that Mind was he, who ſaid concerning *profane Swearing*; That *it was a pity that ſuch a good Grace*

of

of Speech should be any Offence? In short; if ever you are *Saved*, you must be *new Created*. And none but Almighty Power, can produce a *New-Creature*. Yet, know ye, *Sirs*,

God your Redeemer is before-hand with you. He giveth you more Power *to recover your selves, out of the Snare of the Devil*, than you make use of. The Schools of *Calvin* and *Arminius*, do agree in this, that so much Power is given unto every Man, as serves to *justify God's Commanding Man*, and to *condemn Man's Disobeying God*; who as you know, promiseth you, that *the Diligent Hand shall make Rich*. Yea, and he hath given you this abundant Encouragement, to seek supernatural Grace; he hath said it,

The Meek he will teach his Way.

The *Meek* are Men humble enough, to desire the *Favour to receive* his Commands; and the *Grace to keep* them. To desire it, with congruous Grief and Shame of their Apostacy. And with entire Submission to his Gospel-way of Salvation; which is by *Repentance, Faith, and new Obedience*. Let it be told,

told, if it be known, who did ever thus *ſeek, and not find* Eternal Life? Or, why ſhould it not be hoped, that the Mountains of your Spirits by this time are levelled? And that you are more than *almoſt perſwaded* to the Holy Ambition aforeſaid.

If ſo; upon the Writer be the Reproach, if you find it loſt Labour.

To off with the Vipers which have faſtned upon your Hands. The vain and vile Companions, whoſe Tongues are more venomous than Vipers Teeth. And whoſe choſen Company are under God's extream Curſe; *A Companion of Fools ſhall be deſtroyed.*

To commence Friendſhips with Men of ſhining Faces. Holy Wiſdom makes the Face to ſhine. And, Wiſe Mens Aſſociates, have the reverſion of Wiſdom unto Salvation! *He that walks with Wiſe Men ſhall be Wiſe.*

To take a Guide while you travel in Turky. This World, is *Turky*; a wild and ſtrange Countrey. And he who has opened you a way through it unto Heaven, he has appointed you *Miniſterial* Guides to lead you therein. Guides, guided

guided themſelves by that Heavenly infallible One; whoſe Conduct you may expect in your due uſe of them. Guides, of whom your Saviour hath ſaid, *He that heareth them, heareth him; and he that deſpiſeth them, deſpiſeth him.*

To be very often upon bended Knees. To pray is to deſire, as Malefactors deſire their Pardon; and, as Lepers deſire their Cure. A ſhort-liv'd Vapor, cannot be ſuch a Prayer. But, what is ſincere and without ceaſing, it is never failing. It hath the promiſe of the King; and therefore is ſure to take the Kingdom of Heaven! *Ask, and ye ſhall receive.*

To take the Oath of Allegiance, i. e. Your Baptiſmal Covenant and Oath. Whereto, your thorow *Conſent*, and ſutable *Walk*, are all real Religion. The Lord have Mercy on the mad Multitudes; of which, ſome do place their Religion in no better than the very *Spots* and *Blemiſhes* of Religion. And others in no more, than the meer *Faſhion* and *Dreſs* of it. Vain is their Religion, by whom this Oath is not taken; tho their Sect be ever ſo ſtrict. Be their

Chriſtia-

Chriſtianity of this or that Form, *Chriſt ſhall profit them nothing.* Their Hearts be not *cleanſed by the Inſpiration of the Holy Ghoſt*; but deluded by ſome Angel of Light, or of Darkneſs. *Baptiſm doth now ſave us; not the putting away of the filth of the Fleſh, but the anſwer of a good Conſcience towards God, by the Reſurrection of Jeſus Chriſt.* Finally, it ſhall not be loſt Labour.

To keep your Hearts at your right Hands. To join *Contemplation* and *Action*, in all things of Religion. Not to *conſider* what you do, is moſt *Inhumane*; and not to *perform* the Duty you have conſidered, is moſt *Profane*. It is an Unclean Creature, that either *chews not the Cud*; or, if it does, *divideth not the Hoof*. To act without Counſel, is to go upon four Feet. To conſult, and not to act, is to ſend your Brains a Woolgathering. *Whatever your Hand finds to do, do it with all your Might!*

Your *Holy things*, you muſt do, with Holy *Thoughts* and *Pains*. Strain the Nerves of your *Mind*, and of your *whole Man*. And, of all things, look you well to your *Aims*. Never go ye into

the

the Church, as Boys go into the *Thames*; not to wash and cleanse, but to divert themselves. Hear Sacred things, striving to understand; make Religious Vows, resolving to perform them; desiring no longer to live than you do so!

Look on *Flatterers* as so many *Murderers*; turn you from them; and from your very selves, when you turn Flatterers to your selves. Be not the Apes of such a Monster as *Vitellius*, who upon the Approach of his Ruin, raised no other Fortification, but that of a *drunken Mirth*, which kept out the *Noise* and *Report*, but *hastned* the Stroke of it. Remember, that *wilful Sin*, if any, must be your Death. Being that, neither *God's Decrees*, or *Satan's Devices*, do commit any rapes on your Souls. If you do not all that is here named, as many as are, themselves, any wiser, must *pronounce you Wilful, and tremble at your hastning Wo!* Every Prisoner in Hell, cries out of his *Will*. Not complaining that his *Judg* was an *hard Master*, but his *Heart* was an *hard Milstone*. Not able to say that he perished thrô *meer Deceivableness*, or otherwise than thrô his *willingness to be deceived!* And

And, may it not now be hoped, that your Minds are *inlightned* too much to be *incensed* against this Advice? That your *Enmity* against your God is abated, and your *Fear* of him encreased? Justly, or otherwise it is hoped so. And for the just and true Conquest of both your *Fear and Enmity*, you are presented with these Considerations.

The God to whom you are called is as merciful as can be desired. For, he is Infinitely so.

Indeed; our *Misery*, and not our *Sin*, is the Object of his Mercy. *Sin*, is most contrary to his Government, yea, to his Godhead; and cannot but be the Object of his vindictive Hatred. *Peccatum est Deicidium*, Sch. Our *Misery*, is the Object of his Mercy. Of the blessed Compassion, of which, he provideth *a new and living Way of Salvation*; and, being provided, he is most ready to save the very chief of Sinners, *turning into that way.*

Insomuch, that let us suppose any single one, to have committed all the Sins of *Adam*, and of his whole *Progeny*. The vast

Ocean would not so easily and presently quench one spark of Fire, as the Divine Mercy would forgive all those Sins, upon the Sinner's believing on Christ Jesus.

The Blood of our Saviour is as Satisfactory and Meritory, as can be desired. For it is as the Holy Oracles name it, the *Blood of God*, i. e. of him, who is God equal with the Father, as well as Man, like unto his Brethren. And, this hath given more honour to God, than hath been taken from him by the Sins of Devils and Men. So that, without the least loss to his Glory, God may save the worst Soul that *Repents*, and *Believeth on him* that shed this Blood. And, in giving the Crown of Heavenly Glory, God giveth no more than his Son hath bought and paid for.

The Power of the Holy Ghost to convert, and to comfort, is as great as can be desired. For he is God equal with the Father and Son; and cannot but be Omnipotent. If we are Hells of Sin and of Sorrow; he can make us Heavens of Purity and of Joy. Of Satan's Dunghils,

Dunghils, he can make us God's Temples. There be no Hearts, but what he can cleanſe by his Inſpirations.

The Precedents and Examples of the moſt bloody Sinners ſaved, are as great as can be deſired. Sirs, as bad as your ſelves have been ſaved by the Mercy of the Father, by the Merits of the Son, and by the Power of the Holy Spirit. For, *Manaſſes*, a Monſter of Impiety and Villany, is now a Star in Glory. And, not a few of them who *murdered our Redeemer on Earth*, are now with him in Heaven. What a Catalogue have we 1 *Cor.* 6. 9, 10, 11. *Fornicators, Idolaters, Adulterers, Effeminate, Abuſers of themſelves with Mankind, Thieves, Drunkards, Revilers, Extortioners.*

The Promiſes made to ſave other Rebels, are as great as can be deſired. For, there is not any one ſort of them to be named, but, upon their *Repentance* and *Faith*, have Salvation promiſed to them. Yea, as great Salvation, as any other. And, leſt any ſhould imagine themſelves to be excluded, moſt, if not all ſorts, are expreſly mentioned. Mentioned in the great and precious Offers and Promiſes

of Salvation, upon their Converſion!

The very Name of God is as ſweet and encouraging as can be deſired. The Name, expreſſing his good Affection towards the moſt hainous Sinners, when relenting and returning. For, it was this that was given his Servant *Moſes*, for the heartning of ſuch. *Merciful, and Gracious, Longſuffering, and abundant in Goodneſs, and in Truth, keeping Mercy for thouſands, Forgiving (both) Iniquity, Tranſgreſſion, and Sin.* A Name, one would think, ſufficient to drive Deſpair out of this World. And, confine it to Hell, its proper Seat.

The Commands of God for the worſt of Sinners to hope, and to repent, are as great and as bright as can be deſired. None are more abſolute, none more expreſs. The words of a late *excellent Author* are Sunbeams. 'To preſcribe Repentance with-
'out a foundation of Forgiveneſs, were
'inconſiſtent with God's Excellencies. Nor is there any Cauſe why any Man under a call to Repentance, ſhould doubt of Forgiveneſs. Unleſs God be ready to forgive the Sins of Penitents, his Patience is meerly ſubſervient to Wrath,

and

and a Resolution to destroy. But, this would reflect unspeakable Dishonour on him. If a Man deal thus, it is a token of as evil a Mind as can be in him.

The Intreaties God sendeth to the most lewd Sinners, to turn to him, are as kind as can be desired. As significative, I mean, of his astonishing Love, and desire of their Salvation upon his gracious Terms. O bottomless Depth, and amazing Height of Divine Love! God *beseeches.* God *prays* you to be reconciled and saved. Soveraign Majesty, even *courteth* Worms. Infinite Mercy *wooeth* very Vipers.

The Parable in which God hath given the Picture of his Heart towards Penitents, is as moving as can be desired. Luke 15. Review it; behold, a Brother of yours, an horrid Prodigal, relents and humbles himself. And, what's the next News? His most merciful Father *beholds* him; *compassionates* him; *runs* toward him; *falls on his Neck and kisses* him; calls for the *best Robe* for him; for a *Ring*; for *Shooes* on his Feet; and for a *Feast* to be made.

The Wall of Fire God has made to keep you from your pernicious Follies, is as aweful as can be desired. For, this Wall is Hell; and Hell is Torment of *Extremity* unto all *Eternity.* Wherewithal wo'd you then be held from your destructive Courses, if the Fear hereof will not curb your Lusts?

The Kingdom God offers you, to draw you to his Love and Service, is as rich as can be desired. For, it is high as Heaven, durable as Eternity, delightful as Joy in Extasy! And, lastly,

The Admonition given you of all these Particulars, is as plain as can be desired. That, which you have the refusal of in the *Sacred Oracles,* is a very *Light and Lamp.* And, what you have in *Ecclesiastical Writings,* is not given in *Clouds and Darkness.* Both are set before you in such a Light, that none of you can be *blind,* save only those *who will not see.* Neither, can the most *violent* of you *take Hell by any Force,* without *loving Darkness rather than Light!*

Sirs, your *Lives* are Vapours, your *great Estates* are great Snowballs. Those

are

are vaniſhing, theſe are melting. Your *carnal Comforts*, like your *drunken ſerving-Men*, will be out of the way, when you do moſt need them. For your *rotten Sticks* be not Fire, your *Gloworms* be not *Stars*; your *ſhining Duſt* is not *Heaven*. And your *preſent excuſes of Sin*, like other Thieves, at the approach of Light, will be ſure to be gone. Neither are your *Breakfaſts* of it, ſo full of Honey, as your Supper will be of Gall. Vanities, are very Changelings. *Abſalom*'s *Hair*, now is his *Pride*; but, anon it is his *Halter*. *Jezabel*'s *Paint*, makes her Face *a heap of Charms* for a while; but, 'tis not long before 'tis waſhed off with her Blood, and ſhe is trod under Foot. *Herod*'s *Robes* are now *reſplendent and Royal*; but by and by they are *over-run with Vermin*, which eat up his miſerable Majeſty like Carrion; and make a ſad Figure of his Sceleton. Sirs; ſay not that I roll in railing Rhetorick, and tumble in ugly Tropes. You do hate no *Boanerges* now, as you will hate your *Paraſites* one Day. The Day wherein *the Root of your Merriments will be found*

to be Rotteneſs, and their *Bloſſom ſhall riſe up as the Duſt.* Wherefore, haſte, haſte, Gentlemen! The *worſt of Men* are willing to be *Good*, as *Auſtin* was to be Chaſte. And, *the moſt of them* do ſtay till they are in the Jaws of Hell, before they conſider what is the worth of a Soul. Wherefore, you are left with the words of the *beſt Maſter*, ſpoken to the *worſt Servant*; very kindly they are ſpoken to you;

What you do, do quickly!

Then may it be ſaid to you that live in Proſperity, *Peace be unto you, and Peace to your Houſes, and Peace unto all that you have*; as *David*'s Youths were commanded to greet the Great Man of *Maon*, whoſe Poſſeſſions were in *Carmel.*

Be doing therefore, good Sirs! and ſay not of your humble Monitor, as Cardinal *Mattheo Langi*, concerning *Luther*, viz. *That thô the Romans needed a Scouring, it was not fit that they ſhould take it from ſo ſorry a Hand.* Forgive me the Apoſtrophe, in which I leave you.

So that our *Worſhipful*, our *Honourable*, and our *Right Honourable* Lepers, may

may be cleanſed, and made wiſe to Salvation,

Send O my Lord I pray thee, by the Hand of him whom thou wilt ſend!

Make no long tarrying, good Lord; but ſend ſome *Eliphaz* or other, with a more radiant Eloquence to tell them, that, *They are deſtroyed from Morning to Morning! They periſh for ever without any regarding it; their Excellency which is in them goeth away. They die even without Wiſdom.* O ſend, before it be ſaid to this *Gallant*, and to that,

The Fruits that thy Soul luſted after, are departed from thee; and all the things which were Dainty and Goodly, are departed from thee; and thou ſhalt find them no more at all. In one hour thy great Riches are come to nought! Thy Soul is required of thee; and whoſe ſhall the things be which thou haſt provided?

May ſuch as are deaf to a leſſer *Timothy*, be made to hearken to a greater *Paul* or *Peter!* And they who have been as *wicked*, turn to be as *wiſe*, as that Son who ſaid to his Father, *I will not! but afterward, he repented, and went.*

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

To the Formal and Hypocritical.

THE highest *Elements* are the purest; the topmost *Boughs of Trees*, bear the soundest Fruit; and the *Hill-Countries* have much the cleanest ways. But, *Men of highest Degrees*, be not so much of cleanest Morals. Great is their *Britain*, or painted Nation. He is, generally, but a *Pict* among them, who is not a very *Saxon*; not more than a *Pretender* to Religion, if any less than an *open Enemy* to it. To every such Pretender God Almighty speed this Chapter!

Gentlemen,

It is not Apostolical to *bite* poor Mens Sores, and *lick* yours. Nor is it possible in your Case, to decline Lance and Caustick. What must profit you, is the *Plainness* which you name *Rudeness*; the Liberty, which you deem to be Cruelty; the very Method, wherein the Holy *Prophets* and *Apostles* hewed their

their Hypocrites. Not, *ala-mode Talk*; which as Pills lapped up in Pap and Sugar, have no bitter Reliſh, nor any ſweet Effect.

You have therefore what follows. And, with the ſelf-ſame *Accent*, to your Worſhips of every Opinion, and Sentiment, *Epiſc. Presb. Independ.* &c. It being no extraordinary Matter, with whom you run; whoſe Cry you follow; and whoſe *Shibboleth* you have taken to pronounce. For, without the true *Scope* and *Subſtance* of Religion, all external Formalities are equal Fooleries. And, their moſt punctual Obſervance is no wiſer than *Domitian*'s *buſineſs*, in catching of Flies. Like the antient *Phariſees*, you may gliſter with your *Phylacteries and Tephilims*. And reverence your ſelves, as highly as any Spaniſh *Alumbrados or domeſtick Dreamers*; but, Serpents be Serpents, thô their Skins be ever ſo richly painted. And, could Men perſwade themſelves that they were really *Gods*, their Conceit would make them but ſo *much the worſe Men*. Wherefore, know ye, Sirs, that,

You

You have two Classes; one, of *gross*, and another of *close* Hypocrites. The *Gross*, who are less *blind*, but more *mad*. Who do use Art and Fiction, to make their Mock Religion. Knowing, how far they are from the Holy *State*, and the *Walk*, which they counterfeit. As he, who upon the Stage acts the Part of a King, knows himself to be none. The *close* Hypocrites, are you sick of the Jaundies; to whom all things do seem golden, and rich. And, who do therefore think, as you speak, when you call your selves Christians; thô you neglect and hate God's Christ. Neglect his *Grace*, and hate his *Government*; and are no more his pardoned *Favourites*, or consenting *Subjects*, than *Turks* and *Tartars*. But, are much blacker Sinners than either; because, you have Means; and you, if you would, might know both your Saviour and your selves.

The things, which both of you pretend, is to be *Children of God, and Heirs of Heaven*. For, the least of true Christians are no less. The Cloaks you do put on, are more and less fine. It con-

tents

tents not ſome *Papiſts*, to be *common ones*; but they muſt enter ſome *particular Order*. And, it will not ſerve all of you, to be *common Proteſtants*; ſome of you muſt be of this or that Sect. And *Opinion*, *Party*, and *way of Worſhip*, are your moſt cheap, but leaſt ſerviceable, Cloak. Wherefore, ſome of you do go to the coſt of a *demure Countenance*, and a *reformed Life*, and very *many Works of Piety, Juſtice, and Charity!*

Abundance of *Snow* is laid on, to make your Dunghils look like Gardens. Very many *white Feathers* are uſed to hide your black Skins. More than a few *Flowers* are procured to ſtrew your Corps. And to what end is this? To be *Ceſar*'s Friends, when *Ceſar* is God's Friend. But, moſtly, for fear of a Power ſuperior to any *Ceſar*. To eſcape the *flaming Sword of Conſcience*; that is not to be averted without ſome *Image of Holineſs*. And ſometimes, to gratify the Concupiſcence of *Vogue and Praiſe*. Carnal ends, of your falſe Dealings, all of them. And, ſuch as are demonſtrative of a Mind, to perſiſt in a carnal ſinful State! For, it's ſure,

ſure, he loves *a Dunghil*, that adorns it; a *Blackamore*, that puts him in a fine Dreſs; and *a Corps*, that ſtrews Flowers on it. It is moſt certain, when you go to charge in *whitewaſhing* and *painting* an old rotten Houſe, you do not mean to *pull it down*. While you keep a ſtir to make you ſeem what you are not, you have no intention to make your ſelves what you ought to be! And, what you muſt become, or it had been better you had never been born. *For the Name of Religion* which you get without any *Merit*, you hold without any *Profit*.

But, by what Witchcraft are you held from all manner of Thought? Or, notwithſtanding this, do you ſometimes think hereof? *Sc.* How you ſhould take it, if your Servants did ſet upon your Tables no more than the *Hair* of your Oxen; the *Feathers* of your Fowls; the *Shells* of your Fiſh? Giving the beſt of all three, to your ſworn Enemies. No better do you *ſerve*, and no leſs do you *mock* your great Maſter! Putting him off with no more than *falſe ſhews* of Honour, Love, and Worſhip. Beſtowing

ſtowing the Eſtimation of your Minds, the Affection of your Hearts, and the Obedience of your Lives, upon your Idols! This is your dealing with *I AM THAT I AM.*

The *Heathen World* was not ſo blind, but it ſaw this; *God being a Spirit*, is to be worſhip'd in Spirit. The Ceremonious *Jewiſh one* was taught, that the *true Circumciſion was that of the Heart.* And, ſhall any of the *Chriſtian World* doubt it? Thus ſpeaks the Goſpel Covenant; *I will write my Law in their Heart.*

Deceive not your ſelves with Conceits, that all is well, and you have the inward parts, as well as the outward ones of Chriſtianity. You know, that *a dead Man hath inward Parts.* But, what then? He hath them *dead*; and ſo, hath no *inward Man.* You have likewiſe many rare Parts in you; but the Miſery is, they are dead. In ſhort, it is a *dead Body* wherein the Soul lives not. And a *dead Soul* it is, wherein the *Holy Ghoſt* lives not. That Holy worker of Grace, with all the Graces which are his Holy Works. Dead you are

if

if you dwell not in God, and God in you!

Until you love God, and nothing else, but for God's sake; it is but in *degree*, that you differ from *the worst of Men.* So as *Toads* do differ from *Asps.* But, it is in *Nature* and *Kind* that Men truly Good do excel you. So as *Wheat* excels *Chaff*, and *Children* excel *Dogs.* And plainly it must be said. *The Lord hath not yet given you an Heart to perceive, and Eyes to see, and Ears to hear!* To *hear* his Word and *do it.* The *Son of Perdition*, was first a *close Dissembler*, and afterwards a *bold Traitor.* Not afraid to go straitway from the *Holy Sacrament* to the Execution of *the most accursed Project.* There is a just Fear of many of your selves. Will it please you therefore to observe particularly?

There is a specious Repentance, in which you may perish. *Judas*, perished in his. He had a *deadly* Sorrow for Sin, but no *godly* one. And so may you. You do grieve for your Sin! And so does every Felon, when he comes to *Tyburn.* You do turn, *and cast away your Transgressions!* And, so do *Seamen* cast their beloved Goods to the Sea's bottom, in a Storm.

Storm. Yet they venture their Lives, to get them up again, in a Calm. Know it, Sirs; as *there is a trembling of Heart which is a true saving Grace; there is also, a trembling of Heart, which Divines, as well as Physicians, do call a dangerous Disease.* Pejus pœnituit quam peccavit Judas, saith St. *Austin.* *You repent not unto Life,* if you count not, that, to dishonour God is worse than Death. And, if you break not off your Sins, as a *Prisoner* doth his Irons; with a desire they may never come on any more.

There is a Sense, in which you may believe and be damned. *Devils* do believe and tremble. And what are your Thoughts of *Simon Magus?* You may believe the Gospel as a *History*; so you do the Gazette. And who questions, but the *History* of it is believed also by *Beelzebub?* Your Faith is vain, and you are dead in your Sin, if you do not *rely* on it, as it is a *Promise* of Grace; and do not *conform* to it, as it is *a Rule of Life!* The Faith is damning, which, like *Rachel,* thô it be beautiful, is barren!

There is a Worship, of which you may give God much, and not honour him at all. *Ephraim* and *Judah*, gave him that, which he named *Lies and Deceit.* You do verbally confess Sins! But, is it not without lamenting them? You ask for Grace! But, it is possible you may not be in much Pain till you have it. You *speak* God's Praise! But so you may do, and *give* him none; for, what the Heart does not, it is all undone. Hecatombs without Hearts, are the Sacrifice of Fools.

There are rare Gifts, which you may have; and use to the Profit of others; and yet perish your selves. *The Son of Perdition*, had others Gifts beside the Bag. And, for Idleness he was never taxed, that we read. *Spiders*, the Naturalists say, have *eight Eyes.* Have you *Eyes that are clear?* So hath many a *venomous Creature.* Do you excite others to do good? So do *Drums and Trumpets*, which abide senseless themselves. *Swenkfield*, had no small gift of Prayer; and was a great Alms-giver; yet he was a Monster.

There are very religious Affections, which you may have, and yet be dead in Sins. John Baptist's *Disciples* for a Season rejoiced in his Light. Do your Lamps burn? So did the *foolish Virgins* for a time. Do you sometimes shed Tears at a Sermon? So have some that lived the while in Fornication. It is no new thing, for Mens Hearts to thaw in the Sun, and freeze in the Shade. One day to *sigh* and *groan* in the Congregation, and the next to *rant* and *roar* in the Tavern!

There is a Love of the Saints, which you may have and be none your selves. The Heathens, which shewed St. *Paul* no small kindness, were not Saints. You love them because they love you! *But do not even the Publicans so?* You love them for some or other Gift of theirs, which charmeth you. But do not you so love your *Hounds* and *Hawks*? You are of the World which hates the Saints, if you love them not, because *they love God and are beloved of God.* And, if you command not your selves, even then to love them, when you contradict your *doubtful Opinions*, and tell you of

your *unquestionable* Sins. There be Legions of strange Spirits, that *love not the King*, and yet *lavish away Money on his Servants*. That say of God's Service *what a weariness is it*. Yet will say to a Servant of his, as *Herod* to the Damsel, *Whatsoever thou shalt ask I will give thee*.

There is a lovely Sincerity, which you may have, and yet be damned for Hypocrisy. *Saul*, had a natural and laudable one, before his Conversion; and while the Wrath of God abode upon him. You have true and honest Hearts, as to many moral Acts! And had not *Abimelech* as honest an one as you? *Julian* the Apostate was of a Conversation very strict; and it appears not but, that, of a long time, he *thought* as bad as he *spake*! All *Sincerity* is not *godly*. There is a *wild Olive* of it, as well as *a true*.

There is an unbroken Quietness, which you may have, without any true Peace. *Dives*, had just such; his Prologue speaks Quietness; *Soul take thine Ease*! But, God's Epilogue speaks a distance from Peace; *Thou Fool this Night thy Soul shall be taken against thy Will* (Ἀπρονόητον, ἐξ

est poscere à Notente. Casaub.) You have no Sin, that troubles you! It may be so. You name your Sleep in Sin a sweet *Rest!* No doubt but it seems so. And, you do think it a good *Blessing of God's sending!* Most Dreamers do dream so. But verily, Sirs, if God sends such a Rest and Quietness, he sends it as he sends Sword and Pestilence! He sends it in Wrath, and for Vengeance. For never is he so angry with a Man, as when he saith, *Let him alone!* And when he asks, *Wherefore should he be stricken any more?* Wherefore,

Is there not a Cause, think ye, for this Advice? That either you turn *Christians*, or throw away your *Christian Names! Naomi*, being sunk into a Condition that was contrary, threw off hers; *Call me no more* Naomi, *but* Marah. Why should *Goats* be called *Sheep*, thô found in their Skins? Skins which very *Wolves* may put on, and often do so, for a Season. Do not wilfully continue dead, if you obstinately *desire a Name to live.* Come then quite out of *Egypt*, if you must needs think your selves in *Canaan.* The

Devil ſpeaks as kindly as *Pharaoh, I will let you go, only you ſhall not go far*, Exod. 8. 28. *Fleſh*, *World*, and *Devil*, do brook all but *thorow Religion*. Go therefore, go.

Pray that you may receive your Sight! You know nothing yet, but the *Words* and the *Geſtures* of Religion; the *Nature*, the *Truth*, and the *Goodneſs* of it, your Eyes behold not. *Nicodemus* knows nothing of Regeneration.

Learn what is the Sinful, and what is the Holy State; There is no third; every Man is in one of the two. Every Man is a *Saint, and hath the Holy Spirit*; or he is a *Samaritan, and hath a Devil.* The Sinful State is that, wherein a Man hates, and is hated of God. The Holy State is that, wherein God and Man are reconciled. A Man loves God, and is loved of him. In the firſt, God and Man are oppoſed as Fire and Water; In the ſecond, God and Man are endeared as Father and Son! Make your *Judgment* then, and your *Choice!* In order whereto,

Believe the Fountain of Truth, againſt the Father of Lies. Conclude, the Scriptures

Scriptures to be true, every word. And be aſſured of all they ſay, as of the things which you ſee with your Eyes. *Value* them, *read*, *follow*, and *prefer* them, above the Light of the Sun!

Act the parts of Men, in your endeavours to be Saints. Uſe your *Reaſon*, in your purſuits of *Religion*. God, enlivens Men by *awakening* their Reaſon. Satan, murders them by holding it in *Sleep*. What is your Sin, indeed, but *Unreaſonableneſs?* Want of Conſideration, is moſt, or all Mens Damnation. It can never be well with you, till *Reaſon* corrects the errors of *Senſe*; and *Faith* corrects the errors of *Reaſon*. For *Reaſon* is but *a Rule, by the Word and Spirit ruled*. Yet as ſoon will God give you to ſee with your Eyes ſhut, as to judg with your Reaſon unexerciſed. Indeed, *crack'd Heads be Sockets for new Lights*; but it's becauſe all ſuch be falſe ones.

Reſolve that the Concerns of Eternity, ſhall have the beſt of your Time. That no Mills of ſecular Buſineſs, or Circles of ſenſual Pleaſure, ſhall have your *beſt* Hours; or your *deepeſt* Thoughts.

No, but, the Morning, (that is the *Graces* Friend as well as *the Muses*) shall always be taken up in Sacred Business. And, of other Seasons, *All the Fat shall be the Lord's*; He hath *but one Day in seven*; let him not have less than *one Hour in seven*, every Day.

Take fast hold of faithful Reprovers. Are there none near you? Send for them, as *Cornelius* for *Peter*. And, when you have them, let them not go! Keep them, as more needful to your Souls, than *Butlers* and *Cooks* for your Bodies. Turn them not away for crying *Fire, Fire*, when you and yours are *nigh unto burning*.

Beware of the Phrenzy of the Athenian Beggar. Who could not be perswaded, but all the Ships in the Harbour were his. *Tormenting Fears* do not half the hurt of *presumptuous Hopes*. Who will have his Arm taken from his Shoulderblade, unless he believe it to be gangreen'd? Or, who of you will *run that he may obtain*, if he presumes himself to have ran and obtained already? Deceitful Hopes avert from all *endeavours*, and the very *desires* that be requisite to Salvation. *Often*

Often compare the Gain of Godliness, and the Profit of Sin. The *Natures*, the *Uses*, the *Durations*, of the one and the other. Draw up a Catalogue, or Inventory of them; Or read them often in Authors, that have drawn them up to your Hand. And, then,

Night and Day consider the Danger of Delays. Tell your selves, that, a *future Repentance*, is not a Preparation for the *Judgment to come.* And, that, it is no *Repentance* at all, which is not *entire* without Reserve, and *present* without Delay. God's voice, to every Man of you, is this; *Arise, lest thou be consumed. Escape for thy Life; look not behind thee!* Haste therefore, and,

Do the Act which is the most momentous one of your Life! The act, before which, *the Wrath of God abideth on you!* And, after which, *there is no Condemnation to you!* With Judgment, Sincerity, and Gratitude, give your selves to God in Christ! Join your selves in Covenant unto the Father, Son, and Spirit! For, there is no other God in Heaven, but the Triune! And, the *Socinian* is but a more subtle sort of *Mahometan.* Learned

ned Dr. *Pocock* observed, that our Saviour was more honoured in *Turky* than in *Cracovia!* In short; Mr. *Howe's Decimo* of Self-Resignation, is a Diamond. And, so is Blessed *Allein's* Manual of Conversion?

Being made God's Temples, keep Porters at your Doors. You do no sooner join unto the Lord in the Gospel-Covenant, but you become *Sacred Temples*, of the Holy Ghost. And, becoming such, it concerns you to set a strict Watch. That no *unclean* thing enter you. That, Things and Persons, and whatever is *Unholy*, be put out of your Society! For, *If any defile the Temple of God, him will God destroy.* But,

Think it not enough to abstain from Sin. You do not think it enough for your Servants, to forbear *smiting* you, without *serving* you. And, what, if, from this Hour, you never sinned any more? *Stocks, and Stones, do not commit any Sins.* So very *poor a Praise* it is to *die unto Sin*, if you *live not unto God!* Would you appear the Children of God? You must *abound in the Work of the Lord.* And, be *holy*, as well as *harmless.*

Look

Look not for the Aids which God hath promiſed, without the uſe of all Means which he hath required. He hath ſaid, he will give Wiſdom, and Will, and Power, to do good. But, not, unleſs you *ask*. He hath not ſaid, you ſhall *find* unleſs you *ſeek*. Yea, *ſeek with the whole Heart*. And, *Watch daily at Wiſdom's Gates, and wait at the Poſts of its Doors! God had given his Apoſtle all that ſailed with him; Yet, without ſcruple, he pronounced, that, Except they abode in the Ship, they could not be ſaved!* Acts 27.

Aim as high as Perfection. No *ſenſual* Man, covets leſs than perfect *Health*, and *Strength*, and *Beauty*. Nor does any *ſpiritual* one, crave leſs than perfect *Knowledg*, *Love*, and *Obedience*. He is not Holy enough to be admitted into Heaven, who deſires no more than needs for his Admiſſion. *Solomon* calls it *deſpiſing of a Man's Soul*, to be content with low Attainments for it. And, to be ſtingy, and pinching, and ſparing of Pains to accompliſh it. Sincere Love of God aſpires to *fulfilling* of the Law of God! It's the *Bond of Perfectneſs*; and

and that which holds all our Faculties, and Powers in the purſuit of it. In Religion, he that deſigns but a Mediocrity, is under the reigning power of Hypocriſy. A true Chriſtian thinks not himſelf a *ſufficiently good Man*, till he is as *holy as the beſt Angel.*

Whatever you are doing, remember you are dying. Lamps are *waſting* as ſoon as they burn; and we are *dying*, as ſoon as we live. How often, in the Womb, is Life ſpent before Breath is drawn? It's ſure, *we are on our way* toward another World, before we are *born into this*, and as long as we *breath in it.* It is dying that we live. And, there's no *Dweller* on the Earth, but what is a *Paſſenger.* As in a Ship under Sail, whatever Men are doing, they are certainly and ſwiftly paſſing. It is Dying, that you eat, drink, and ſleep; Dying that you buy, ſell, or game; Dying, that you read, hear, or pray. And it is a great need that you have of Death in your Thoughts, to quicken *you* to care of your Ways. Dr. *Bates* his Treatiſe of the four laſt Things, was ate, and drank by *the beſt of Queens.* Happy

England,

England, when our *Nobility*, and *Gentry* entertain themselves as wisely!

But alas! *Titius* is in danger of the Sea breaking in upon all that he hath. With much cost he builds *a Wall* to keep it out. Only, he leaves a *huge Gap* in his Wall. Yet, *many see the Wall, who see not the Gap*; and therefore do *admire the Work, and praise the Man*. But *Sempronius*, a less negligent, and more skilful Observer, spies the Gap. And, is sick to see the *absurdity of the Wall*, and the *Folly of* Titius. Predicting his Ruin, unless the Gap be stopp'd with Expedition!

Lords and Gentlemen, the Case is your own! There be vast Gaps in the Walls of your most operous and sumptuous Religion. And, these you are called to have effectually stopp'd! Ask not, any of you, (for you are already told) *What is your Trespass, and what is your Sin, that you are so hotly pursued? Elijahs* must tell *Ahabs*, that *they and their Fathers Houses have troubled* Israel; *in that they have forsaken the Commandments of the Lord, and have followed* Baalam. And, if a very *David* shall cloak

cloak his Sin, *Nathan* muſt ſay plainly, *Thou art the Man.* Wherefore, be it your care, that, you be not driven one Day to ſay; *We are very guilty concerning our plain Monitor; in that we ſaw the anguiſh of his Soul, when he beſought us to ſtop our Gaps, and we would not hear him. Therefore is diſtreſs come upon us!* In hope of preventing it, I have followed *Jacob*'s Counſel to his Sons, *Gen.* 43. I have taken of the Fruit *of Canaan*, and brought you this Preſent; *A little Balm, a little Honey, Spices, and Myrrh, Nuts and Almonds.*

CHAP. V.

To the truly Religious.

GOodneſs and Greatneſs are a rare Conjunction. What more Divine, than *le Bon & le Grand!*

Holy *Wiſdom* tho it be, it ſelf, the greateſt, is *good with an Inheritance.* q. d. As good as it is, it is not always good that it ſhould be alone. Riches are an *help meet for it.* And,

When

When joined together, they do notably ſerve each other. They eminently aſſimilate their Profeſſor unto their Creator. They aſſimilate unto him, in *being good, and doing it*. In the Royal Attributes of *Bleſſedneſs* and *Beneficence*.

Neither doth the King of Kings, wholly deny us ſuch Repreſentatives of his. To ſome few of you he gives the Honour to be ſuch. Making you as viſibly rich in *Faith* and *good Works*, as in *Money* and *Lands*. Encreaſed with the Goods of both Worlds; the *Volatile* ones of this Earth, and the *more enduring Subſtance* of Heaven. And, as for ſuch of you,

All Men acknowledg your Order to be moſt *Noble*. Preciſeneſs it ſelf ſtiles you *Right Honourable*. Becauſe being ſo exalted by God, you exalt not your ſelves but him. You are *wiſe* and *juſt*; and, being *inſtructed*, you wax wiſer. Being *reproved*, you love your Reprover! And,

It is here concluded, your Honours will not think ſcorn to be *catechiſed*. Or, asked, in general, Firſt;

Are

Are there not with you, even with you, Sins against the Lord your God? Galileo's Glasses do show Spots in the Sun. Spots, some say, as big as *Asia* and *Africa*. But, do not unassisted Eyes spy your Faults? And, with your *Gnats*, very *Camels*; with *Motes*, very *Beams*? Have you no need, think you, of Snuffers to your Lamps? And daily remembrancers of your spiritual Distempers? Are the excellent Oils of wholsome Reproof, the least of your Wants? Sirs,

With your leave supposed, it is asked also, particularly,

1. Do you indeed, *marry in the Lord!* In the Lord, and by his Law, do you match your selves, and your Sons and Daughters? Is Divine Counsel, or Consent seriously asked? Is *Religion*, any of the *Marriage-Articles* you agree upon? Or, if any, is it not the first that is last served? *Protenùs ad Censum, de Moribus ultima fiet Quæstio.* May it not be said of many a one, as of *Jehoram*; *He walked in the way of the Kings of* Israel, *for the Daughter of* Ahab *was his Wife?*

2. Do

2. *Do you train up your Children in the way* of Salvation? Have you, your ſelves, much ſpeech with them about their Souls? And, are you much more curious in the choice of their *Tutors*, than of your *Huntſmen and Falconers?* Do you go to the coſt of *Ariſtotles* for your *Alexanders?* As *Theodoſius*, are you content with nothing but an *Arſenius?* A Man, in whom Learning and Vertue ſtrive for Preheminence. *Gentlemen*, may I ſay what I have known? More than a few of your Children, are *ſtarved at Nurſe* by dry Breaſts. And ſome are *poiſoned at Nurſe*, by the cancer'd Breaſts of vicious Teachers. A marvellous thing! that your *Minds* and *Hearts* ſhould endure a Teacher, who either hath not a *cloven Tongue*, or hath a *cloven Foot*. One, who is not either a *Learned Saint*, or a moſt *accompliſhed Hypocrite*. That, ſuch as you ſhould commit *your Jewels*, into any but *rare Hands* to poliſh them. Particularly,

3. *Do you teach your Children early, the danger of Proſperity?* Their danger of periſhing, upon the *golden Sands*. Which is not leſs, than their poor

Neighbours perishing in the *deeps* of Poverty. Do you shew them *the beautiful Captive with her Head shaved?* The bewitching World, with the Vanity of its Glories discovered. Do you tell them, and prove to them by Experiments, what *Shadows* all its *Juno*'s are? Nay, do you not, ever and anon, let fall Expressions which do *poison their Minds?* And, add to their innate Idolatry of *Wealth*, and *Honour*, and *Pleasure?* Bethink your selves, and answer; whether you do not give them occasion to launce you, as *a Noble Man* of this Kingdom, was once launced by a young *Nephew* of his.

Being *Guardian* to the said *Nephew*, he made him sick of waiting upon his Lordship's Vanities; and desirous of crossing the Seas, for a Writ of Ease from that attendance. Yet, at parting, his first charge was, *That the young Gentleman should by no means change his Religion.* Astonished at this, the *Nephew* forthwith replies, *Fear not that, my Lord; for as you have bred me, no Body will change with me.*

The

The *Jews in Barbary*, we are told, do every Morning give their Children Honey or Sugar; saying, *as this is sweet to thy Taste, let Learning be sweet to thy Heart.* What effects might we see, if Christians would, with like constancy, instil Instructions into their Youth? And, especially as to the Objects of their highest *Esteem* and *Delight.* By Error wherein, is their perpetual Destruction. For, be it considered,

This is a sure Rule. *They neither honour or love God as God, who do not love and honour him above all Creatures.* No thing is weight, which doth not draw the Scale. That which makes one *Scale* weigh down the other, makes the *Weight.* Our Honour and Love of God, are light, *and far from Weight,* until they do *preponderate.* Nor are they to be reckoned Love and Honour, when they do not weigh down all other. Because, then, some *base Idol* carries down the Scale, and is of more account than the *Triune God.* In short; *Homage* is to be reckoned by *Surplussage:* and *our Love of the most High,* never *exists,* until it *exceeds*; never *begins,* till it

transcends. The many who *reckon otherwise* shall be made to *reckon again*, at the grand Audit.

4. *Do you choose God's Servants to serve you?* Do you not ever take Servants, without asking whether they do or will serve God? And do you not keep them without enquiring, what use they make of their *holy Baptism?* Is it any thing to you, whether they who wait at your Tables, do ever come to the Lord's Table, or no? Sirs, your Father *Abraham*'s Servants were taught and commanded; and so should his Childrens Servants be!

5. *Do you esteem highly Christ's Ministry?* And, that for their work sake? Do you not frown any of them into Silence and Sadness? Do you not tempt them to give you your Character like *Antigonus* his Picture, which was half faced, that the deformity might be concealed? Do you glad them by asking their Advice? Saying to one and another, as the sick Child's Father to the Bishop of Souls; *If thou canst do any thing, come help us!* Do you tell them, as *Alexander* told a Flatterer of his; If thou

thou ſeeſt not my Faults, thou art not a *Philoſopher*: if thou doſt ſee them and not admoniſh me, thou art a *Traitor*.

By the way, it muſt be asked; do you never take into your Chappel, *Salt that is fitter for the Dunghil?* Do you never make a *Judas*, your Apoſtle to a Benefice? Do you never put *a ſtinking Snuff* into a golden Candleſtick? Do you never ſend a *blind Man*, to be the Guide of a Pariſh? And a *Blackmore* to whiten all the Souls of it?

Beſides, it may be asked; whether you are not ſometimes ſick of the beſt of *Heaven's Ambaſſadors?* Reckoning them as ſo many *Bills of Charges* on you. Even while you keep at diſtance ſufficient from the *Macedonian* Fault. That, of *giving beyond your Power*. Have you not made ſome of them *as poor as* Job, for their imitating St. *Paul?* For their diſuſe of the *enticing words of Man's Wiſdom*; for their condeſcending to your Capacities; and not preaching in the Clouds? Do you not oftimes, *deſpiſe their Propheſyings?* Staying from a *Sermon* to play a *Game*. Being much leſs *ſwift to hear*, than to excuſe the Sin of

not Hearing. And, ſevenfold leſs attentive to the *Pulpit*, than your Neighbours are to the *Stage*. Time runs too faſt they think at a *Play-houſe*; as long as Wit can run, they wiſh the Sun wouldſt and ſtill. But, at a *Sermon*, do not you watch the Glaſs, with a contrary Luſt? In a word; Have you not a practice of *robbing the Miniſters, which are higheſt in your Favours?* Your Chaplains eſpecially? Calling them to you, and detaining them with you; with an unmerciful Frequence, and a moſt tedious Impriſonment, waſting your Hours (as oft as your Levity can call forth theirs) in Squibs and Jeſts. Without a mu or gru of religious Conference; without a word *ſeaſoned with Salt*. This is *Theft*, and *Sacrilege*, for *you devour that which is Holy*.

It is poſſible, that, in ſuch days as ours, you may take a pride in *keeping Chaplains*. So rare a thing it is grown, that you may riſe up to *Micah*'s preſumption; *Now I know that the Lord will do me good, ſeeing I have a* Levite *to be my Prieſt*. But, you are wiſer when you are your ſelves; if, as it is ſuppoſed,

ſuppoſed, you are *Iſraelites indeed.*

6. Do you *make the excellent of the Earth all your Delight?* Are you nice in the Choice of Friends and Aſſociates? Do you mind how much your Welfare in Time and to Eternity, depends upon your Company? Upon your *choice*, and your *uſe* of Company? Do you ſhut out Lepers? Do you put to cure Men that are not hopeleſs? And, into your Boſoms, do you take none, but ſuch as are of ſerious Religion? The *Fowls* of the Air, and the *Beaſts* of the Field, keep not *Heterogeneous* Company. All the *Herd*, do caſt out the *Deer that is chaſed and wounded.* And *all the Flocks of a Feather*, do excommunicate ſuch as are of *any other.* They are leſs wiſe, to whom it is all one, whether their Conſorts be *Saints* or *Brutes.* And, who do forget what every Body knows, that if a *Joſeph* fall among Courtiers, he will rap out Oaths. If the High Prieſt's Hall do take a *Peter*, it turns him into a *Judas.*

7. Do you *haſten to get reconciled, to any whom you have wronged?* To any, tho ever ſo poor a Body. Do you not

conceit, that it is a small matter for a *Cedar* to wrong a *Shrub?* For, the *Fat of the Earth* to bite the *Lean?* Renowned Mr. *Boyl*, would ask forgiveness of his Servants, if he had let fall any rebuke which exceeded their Fault. [See my Book of Forgiving Enemies.]

8. Do you *do good to them that hate you?* Do you consider, that, to *revenge* your selves, is but *to be even* with Enemies? To *forgive* them, is but to *get above them.* But, to do good for their Evil, is *to rise up to your Saviour's Example.* What think you of blessed *Cranmer*, that Hill was uneasy, till he had answered an Affront with a Courtesy? And, an ill turn, with some good Gift! Please you, Sirs, to remember very *Pericles*, when a scurrilous Fellow had railed against him all Day, he commanded his Footman to light him home at Night. And *Lycurgus*, that forgave with his Heart, the Man that struck out one of his Eyes.

9. *Do you intreat your Tenants to remember their Landlord and yours?* What! would not your intreaties make them pray daily with their Families? Make them

them *read God's Word*, as constantly as they eat his Bread? Make them as surely *get their Children catechised*, as clothed? Know you not, that your Words be of Power, to perfume their Cottages, with the Holy Word, and Prayer? And, that it is much from your silence, they are kept stinking with Vice, and rotting in Wickedness? Do not you, as others, mind no more than *your own Rent*; and shew no care of *God's Tribute*, or of your Tenants future State?

10. *Do you covet to be rich in good Works?* Do you bestow your Charity, *extensively*; as the Sun its Light? *Readily*, as Fountains do their Waters; *proportionably to what you have*, as Clouds do their Rain; *chearfully*, as you do lay out spare Money on a rich Purchase? Are you of his Heart that professeth; if Almsgiving were as *sweet to other Men as to him, they would rather cut the Flesh of their Arms into slices, than give nothing*? Do you regard your Saviour's Engagement and Encouragement? *Give Alms, and behold all things are clean unto you!*

Sirs,

Sirs, upon you it lies, to vindicate the Credit of *Protestants*. And to practise what you hear preached; St. *Paul*'s Faith, which works by Love. St. *Peter*'s Faith, that shews it self in brotherly Kindness and Charity. St. *James*'s Faith which hath Works to shew. St. *Jude*'s Faith, which is not a Cloud without Rain, or a Tree without Fruit. And St. *John*'s Faith, which is not in Word only, but in Deed and Truth: without which your Faith is a *Peacock's Feather*, your Hope is a *Spider's Web*, your Charity is a *painted Fire*. You have much more Water than will turn your Mills. And, you have a Monitor in your Breasts, that bids you not let any run, as the Waters of *Jordan*, into the *dead Sea*. Awake thou that sleepest, preach this, O Conscience! For in restraining their own Mercy, Men do forfeit God's Mercy. Bishop *Burnet*'s Letters say that the *Annunciata* in *Naples*, is the greatest Hospital in the World. And, another tells us that, at *Venice* there are *Seventy three rich Hospitals*. The *Dutch*, all Men say, have *no Beggar* among them. And Sir *Thomas Herbert*

bert ſaith as much of the *Chineſe*. But, if Engliſh Nobles and Gentlemen, would but do as *Thevenot* reports of the *Muſſelmen*; would they give *a ſeventh part* of their Eſtates to the relief of the Poor; yea, or *but a tenth part*; it would be ſaid for Charity, *Who is like thee O* England?

11. *Do you abhor Prodigality; and the more for the ſake of Charity?* Are you moderate in your Expences for Building and Furniture? For Apparel and Entertainments. In the Year 85, *the Pope of Rome*, ſpent but *a Crown* a Day; and *Sixto the* 8th, exceeded not *Eighteenpence*. Do you (who paſs for better Chriſtians) take care how you lay out the Money, whereof you are but Stewards? Do you always, conſult your King, and Judg, whoſe it is? Do you deſpiſe a *Cleopatra*, drinking a Pearl of ſeventy eight thouſand Pound? And, a *Lollia Paulina*, wearing as many about her, as came to three hundred thouſand Pound? And, a *Publicus Clodius*, that muſt live in a Houſe which coſt an hundred and fourteen thouſand Pound? Plenty, without great Wiſdom, carries

to

to wantonneſs and extravagance. When *Rome* ſwell'd with Wealth, it burſt into exceſs of both. More was given for a Fiſh, than would have bought an Ox. And, upon their *Shooes* they wore *Pearls*. Your Tympany may not riſe ſo high. But, under favour, be it asked; do you hate both extreams; of being profuſe, as the Sea, and of heaping up Gold as the Sand?

12. *Do you preach to your ſelves that Goſpel Precept, Be ye courteous?* Do you doubt but it binds the greateſt that are born of Women? You do not queſtion but it doth, and you cannot but feel, that, high Places do make rugged Tempers. The *Rich are anſwered roughly*. Do you therefore well conſider; wilful Moroſity is extream Inhumanity. Nor have Saints *ſufficient Grace*, to bear ſo *brutiſh a Nature*. Do not ſpit upon this homeſpun Epithet! For, none is more true or apt. The *African Foreſts* have nothing more unreaſonable in them, than thoſe *Charls*, who do brow-beat Men, made in the Image of God; and for no other Cauſe, than their want of gay *Clothes*. Who deſpiſe ſuch Men, as God hath

hath honoured with the *Righteouſneſs of his Son*; with the *Grace of his Spirit*; with *the Guard of his Angels*; and with the *Reverſion of his Heavenly Kingdom.* And, this becauſe they have not to ſhew the *Trophies of Moth and Ruſt, and Thieves.* Can they tell us, why their Eyes do not rather deſpiſe their *Ears*, becauſe they have not the faculty of *Seeing*? And, their *Ears*, deſpiſe their *Eyes*, becauſe they have as little the faculty of *Hearing*? Do you not ſee it, Sirs, your poor Friends haſten from you, when they ſee lowring Faces, thô you have open Hands. *Affability* is as obliging as *Money*; and Charity it ſelf is odious, when it is moroſe. As Medicines, tho ever ſo wholeſome, when they are bitter they are loathſome. To give *large Morſels*, and not ſhew *ſweet Manners*, is to give Marrowbones without the Marrow in them. *David*, thô a King, who had been provoked, ſugared his words; *My People and my Brethren*, 1 Chron. 28. 2. The greater is your ſhame if you treat your *fellow Subjects* with Language unhandſome. And, the rather, becauſe, right well you know,

that

that *hard Words* and *sowr Faces*, like *Spaniſh Flies*, do raiſe Bliſters.

13. *Do you make your Light to ſhine before Men?* Good Works muſt not be done, to be ſeen of Men; *to fetch in their Praiſes.* But they muſt be done to be ſeen of Men; *to carry them forth Patterns!* Believe you not, that you are commanded ſo to do them, that Friends and Enemies may be compelled to ſee them? You know, your Sins are written in Letters big enough for them to read. And, think you, that your Duties to God, and your Neighbour, ſhould be drawn in a leſs Character? Of old, *the Angel was a Deſtroyer, if the Blood of the Lamb was not ſeen on the Door.* Works and not Words, muſt convince Men that you are *Chriſtians*; and that you do value no *Birth*, like the Second; no *Eſtate*, like the Saints Inheritance in Light; no Place of *Honour*, like Chriſt's right Hand; no *Place of Power*, like that of judging the World; and no *State*, like the Heavenly one, in which, Deſires are exceeded, and Fears excluded! Ought you not to convince Men hereof? Or, think you, that any Language,

Language, but the language of Practice can convince them?

14. Do you *greatly fear the least Sin?* Do you keep in Mind, what you well know? That, an everlasting Hell, is the *Wages* of the least Sin! That, St. *Paul* cried, *O wretched Man*, for very involuntary Sin! That, the old Law required Sacrifice for *Sin in a very Dream*, Lev. 15. 16. That, it did also require *extraordinary Sacrifices*, for *great* Mens Sins. (Signifying your Treasons to be *the higher* for being *yours.*) That the least spark of Sin quickly becomes a great Flame! He, who was tempted to *kill his Father, to defile his Mother, and to make himself drunk*; he refused the two first, but promptly complied with the last. And, what came of it? Why, having glibly swallowed his one *Gnat*; before he came to himself again, he took down the *two Camels* also. If you will let in ever so little Thieves, the *Pygmies* will open your Doors to *Anakims*. A vain Thought, invites in the Sin against the Holy Ghost. When it is indulged, and favoured, it doth so.

15. Do

15. Do you, of all Sins, *dread the Thought of turning Grace into Wantonneſs?* Of ſinning, becauſe Grace abounds? Of being ready to ſin, becauſe God is ready to forgive? Of daring to take down *ſweet Poiſon*, becauſe a *powerful Antidote* is prepared by your Soul's Phyſician? It is unqueſtionably true; the *Forgiving great Sins is God's great Praiſe.* Your Unrighteouſneſs, in his way of pardoning it, ſets off God's Righteouſneſs; and eminently praiſes it. But, what then? Of them that ſay, *Let us do evil, that good may come*; the Herald of free Grace ſaith plainly; *Their Damnation is juſt!*

This is told you by a moſt miſtaken Man, if theſe following particulars, be not too much forgotten, by *Lords and Ladies.* There is no Alliance between *Chriſt* and *Belial.* Imputed Righteouſneſs, thô it *frees from Hell*; it doth not, without inherent Righteouſneſs, *capacitate for Heaven.* Lepers, would be Lepers in the *New Jeruſalem*, it ſelf. 'Tis not the *Place* that can impart Bleſſedneſs. You cannot be like God in Felicity, if you be not like him in Purity.

But,

But, there can be no *greater Sin,* than the abuſe of Grace. No greater *ſuperfluity of Naughtineſs,* than miſuſe of Mercy and Forgiveneſs. Nothing can render you ſo unworthy of Mercy, as ſinning upon the Preſumption of it. *Chryſoſtom* ſays it was this, that aggravated *Judas* his Sin, and kept him from hope of Pardon!

16. Do you *know thorowly how to abound?* i. e. To perform the Duties, and to avoid the Dangers of your Proſperity. The great Apoſtle and Martyr of Chriſt did know this. And the Prince of Pagan Philoſophers and Courtiers, *boaſted* of his knowing it. Telling the World, that, *he always kept a great diſtance between himſelf and his Eſtate.* Inſomuch, that, *When he came to part with it, it came off eaſily, as a Glove from his Hand; not, with torture, as his Skin from his Fleſh.* Sirs, do you keep this diſtance, and greater? Do you conſider that you are but *Men?* For *Iron Fanes* are not Gold, but Iron, tho they be ſet upon ever ſo high Steeples. And *Dwarfs* are but Dwarfs, tho they do ſtand upon ever ſo high Stilts. Conſider you, that, being *great Men,* you

have greater Duties incumbent on you? And, the greater are the Sins, which are committed by you. Consider you, that, being also *new Men*, the Holy Ghost is extreamly grieved by your Miscarriages? Unregenerate Mens Sins *resist*, and *vex*; but yours do also *grieve* him. In short; they must *have an Unction from the Holy one, and know all things*, who do truly know how to *use this World's good things*. Tho every *Abcdarian* be apt to turn a *Pygmalion*.

17. *Do you owe nothing but what you hasten to pay?* No Respect, no good Office, no Money? The *Divine old Law*, is in force upon the Highest of you; *At his Day thou shalt give the poor Hireling his Hire; neither shall the Sun go down on it; lest he cry to the Lord, and it be Sin against thee.* The *Civilians Maxim* is at your Tongues ends, against tardy-paying Tenants; *Minùs solvit qui minus tempore solvit.* Sum-total is no *good Payment*, if it be not brought in *good Time*. And, this holds as to all Debts. Insomuch, that the *Cries of Tradesmen* are horrible *Reproaches to Gentlemen*. And, you your selves do raise the worst *Scandala Magnatum*, when you suffer *Mercers* and *Taylors*

lors to come, and pull you by *their own Coats.* (Coats, that be theirs, and not yours, till they are paid for.) When you let *Butchers*, *Poulterers*, and *Fiſhmongers* have it to ſay, *That your Tables are their Snares.* Making hundreds to complain, that by *arraying* your ſelves, you reduce them unto *Nakedneſs*; and by your *Feaſting*, you do bring them to *Famine.* That they had not *failed*, if you had not *broken them.* When, likewiſe, your Domeſtick Servants are made to ſerve *half an Apprenticeſhip*, before they receive a *Year's Wages.* Sirs; the *greateſt Men in Jeruſalem*, were threatned to be made *Bondmen*, for *unkindneſs to their Servants*, Jer. 34*th*. And, *Jehojakim* himſelf is meant, in that word of the Prophet; *Wo to him that uſeth his Neighbour without Wages. Delaying* of Payment moſt times maketh *diminution*; and, many times *utter denial* of it.

Be it asked alſo, by the way; what your Worſhips think of this, whereof you do hear leſs? Leſs, from your *Chaplains*, and leſs from your *Conſciences.* Is it no Sin, or but a Peccadillo, *to let a Servant go away from you empty?* Shift-

less, and destitute of means to live from you. What? Is the Law repeal'd which saith expressly concerning a departing Servant? *Thou shalt furnish him liberally out of thy Flock, and out of thy Floor, and out of thy Winepress. Of that wherewith the Lord thy God hath blessed thee, thou shalt give unto him.*

Away with paltry excuses! *Israelites* are not *themselves* when they turn off an *old Servant*, with less Provision made for him, than what is made for an *old Horse* or *Hound!*

Wherein you have done Iniquity, good Sirs, *do no more!* But, repent, restore, reform, and *let your Zeal provoke many!* That, *Men of Estates*, and *Beasts of Prey*, may no longer be *Synonymous Terms*, and the *same Things!* That it may no more be said, you are fell as *Lions*, fierce as *Leopards*, savage as *Bears*, ravenous as *Wolves*, and that under a Form of Godliness. No; but that, you are together *Gentle* and *Noblemen*. *Nursing Fathers* to your poor Neighbours; *useful Elms* to bear up all the weak and needy Vines, which are near you; *sweet Springs*, to them, that have not Water enough to keep their Mills going. It

It will one day be more honour, to have enabled a poor Man to *keep his Cart on the Wheels*, than to have kept seven of your *own Coaches and Chariots* on them. And, alas, what Pillows do you sleep on, in the mean time; you, who cannot challenge the Town, and Countrey, as *Samuel* did; *Whom have I defrauded, whom have I oppressed?* Who cannot appeal, as the Prince, and the Saint of the Land of UZ; *Have I despised the Cause of my Man-servant or Maid-servant, when they contended with me? Have I withheld the Poor their desire, or caused the Eyes of the Widow to fail? Have I eaten my Morsel alone? and the Fatherless not eaten thereof? Have I seen any to perish for want of Clothing, or any Poor without Covering? Have I lifted up my Hand against the Fatherless, when I saw my help in the Gate?* What think you of your selves, you, who cannot say as *Moses*; *I have not hurt any one!* And, as St. *Paul*; *I have coveted no Man's Silver, Gold, or Apparel!* Yea, and as *our Saviour*, our grand Exemplar; *I have done many good Works among you!*

The Clerks of your Cloſets, are not true unto God or your Souls, if they put you not in remembrance of theſe things. And, preach not *Juſtice* and *Mercy*. They can tell you if they pleaſe of the *Sultan Selymus*; who being preſſed by his *Pyrrhus* to lay out upon *Hoſpitals*, what he had wrongfully taken from the *Perſians*, abhorred it. And, required that it ſhould be reſtored, all of it, to the right Owners. And, with your good leave, they are able to add; that, *Except the Righteouſneſs of a Chriſtian Gentleman, exceed the Righteouſneſs of a Turkiſh Sultan, he is not very likely to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.*

18. *Do you ſtudy the Book of Eccleſiaſtes?* You, *more than others*, are in danger of being poiſoned. And, ſhould you not *more than others*, acquaint your ſelves with the Antidote? Riches, tho an *adored Idol*, are a *ſtrong Poiſon*. Whom of you do they do not make *to ſwell*, more or leſs? And, throughout the *Royal Diſpenſatory* you find not ſuch another Antidote as in *this praiſed Book*. Should you not, therefore, give it good Reading? One of your Rank made his thirteen

thirteen Children, learn the *Proverbs of Solomon* by heart. I would that more of you would both learn and teach the Book of *Ecclesiastes*.

There you are told, your *Cains* are but *Abels*, i. e. Your *Possessions* be but *Vanities*. Your *Riches* do fill but your *Mouths*, not your *Appetites*. You have as many *unsatisfied Desires*, as the *People that rake Cinders*. Your *Titles* may overcharge your *Memories*, but can never fill your *Pride*. Your *sensual Pleasures* may waste your Spirits, and stupify your Senses, but can never satisfy, and make them say, *it is enough*. You are told of all the three; that, as many other Drugs, they are *deadly without due Correctives*. That, as all Flowers, they do fade quickly; and the longer you possess them, the less they do *delight you*. However, that, they neither *prevent* or *retard* Death. But do frequently *hasten* Diseases and Death. That they are as disproportionate to the Wants of your Souls, as shadows are to the Wants of your Bodies. That, (as you have it said of your Children) *they are certain Cares, and uncertain Comforts*. And, that by

all your Chymistry, you shall never extract Satisfaction out of them! No, but be far from any true *Peace* in the use of them, without these *Anodynes*, viz.

Religious Content with your Quota. Neither *vexing* that you have no more, nor *envying* to see others have Measure pressed down and running over. It was most truly that *Seneca* told his *Lucilius*; it is Lust that is sick for *House fulls*; Nature is as well with a few *Spoonfuls*.

Chearful and Thankful use of your Substance, according to the Quality of your *Degree*, the Decency of your *Condition*, and the Rules of *Religion*. Without luxurious Exceeding, or sordid Living.

Humble acquiescence under every Providence. Being dumb, whatever God doth, because he doth it. He, whose Will is your Law. And, whose Gifts are more common than Day-light; but his Strokes, more rare than Thunder-shots.

Spirit, and Truth in God's Holy Worship. Service paid to his Majesty, with all your Heart, and by the Rule of his Word. For *bodily Service profits not*. And, what is not prescribed by the Divine

Divine Canon, is no better than *a Dog's Neck. Regular Service and ſincere, is perfect Freedom*; and *profitable to all things.* But *God hath no pleaſure in Fools.*

Sedateneſs of Mind under Oppreſſions by Men. Poſſeſſion of your Soul in Patience, while your *Subſtance* is ſmitten with the firſt of Wickedneſs. And, your *Name*, with the tyrannous *Tongue* of it. Imitation of our grand Exemplar; *who was oppreſſed, and opened not his Mouth.* Did not lay any Fewel on his Oppreſſors Fire. Did not call them *Devils*, who told him *he was a* Samaritan, *and had a Devil.*

A prepared Breaſt for all Events. Prepared as *Pilgrims* ſhould be, for Calms, and Storms. Prepared, to receive *ſweet* things *thankfully*; and *bitter* ones *patiently.* Moſt certain it is, that, he is Proof for any thing, that is become wiſe enough to prefer *Preſervation in Brine*, above *Corruption in Honey.*

Prudent Deport and Behaviour towards all Men. The Wiſdom of the Serpent, with the Innocence of the Dove, is a neceſſary Ingredient in human Life. A *natural* force it hath, and an *inſtituted* one;

one; to preserve Names from Calumny, and Persons from Injury. It puts to silence the Ignorance of foolish Men. And, wins the very *spiteful*, unto Kindness. For, most of them be found tractable, when they are discreetly taken by the right Handle.

Charity towards the worst of Men. Charity that *believes* all things, *bears* all things, *hopes* all things, *endures* all things. Charity that not only suffers, but is *kind*; and is not easily *provoked*. Charity, which abhors that condemned word, *I will do unto the Man, as he hath done unto me!*

Sobriety, or just Government of the Affections toward sensual things. Things, whose *Use* is necessary; but, the *Excess* is deadly. And, therefore, Affections toward them must be *moderated*, not *destroyed*. Cynical Austerity, is *Phrenzy* more than *Piety*. But, Intemperance is a more common, and open defiance of Righteousness, and Holiness. The Vassals hereof do *rob God* of their *Hearts and Lives*. Rob *themselves* of their *Understandings*. Rob *Church and State* of their *Service*. Rob *their Families* of their

their *Maintenance.* Thus doth every Soul, that is under the power of Wine and Oil!

Practick Prudence. Which is more than Science or *Knowledg of the Natures of things. A Skill it is, to diſpoſe of them for good.* To take the right *Way* and *Seaſon*, to convert them to the beſt Uſes. A Skill, without which, Science makes you but like a uſeleſs Ship. One, which hath a *Sail*, but of no uſe; as wanting a *Rudder* to direct its Courſe.

Pious Loyalty. Obedience to the *King's Laws* as far as conſiſteth with the *Divine Commandments.* Obedience to them as free and as full, as that which your *Hands* and *Feet* do yield to your *Head.*

Juſt Diligence. For, by much Slothfulneſs very *lofty Buildings* will decay. Thrô the Idleneſs of noble Hands *Houſes of Cedar* will drop through. One *Hebrew* word ſignifies, both, a *rich Man*, and a *Man at Eaſe.* But, to be idle, is the direct way to get rid of *Riches* and Eaſe. He that *ſees* all things by his Servants *Eyes*, and *doeth* all by their *Hands*; hath, commonly, both his *Eyes to wipe*, and his *Hands to wring*, before he is much older.

olden. It is not for *Lords* or very *Kings* to eat *the Bread of Idleneſs*. Tho they are not to *ſweep the Houſe*, or *plow the Field*; they are to *know the ſtate of their Flocks, and to look well unto their Herds*. Idleneſs exempts the higheſt of Men from the protection of Angels, *Pſal.* 91. 11. Without ſome Pains no *Infant* ſucks. And, it is againſt God's Command, that any *grown Body* eats, unleſs he works, 2 *Theſſ.* 5. 8.

Much Giving and Forgiving. You may come your ſelves, to Bread and Water, if you *caſt not your Bread upon the Waters*. i. e. If you *give not Portions to ſeven, and alſo to eight*; to *Waters*, or to multitudes of People; numberleſs as Water-drops. And, if you will *give heed to all that is ſpoken*; if you will not wink at ſome Faults, and paſs by ſome Miſcarriages, you will make your Servants *curſe you to your Faces*. i. e. By being *mercileſs* you will make them *deſperate*. If you are ſo *unlike God* toward them, you will have them very *like Devils* towards you.

Holy Root and Fruit. The Root of inward Reverence, the Fruit of univerſal Obedience.

Obedience. *Fearing God, and keeping his Commandments.* To wit, in the Faith of Chriſt, without whom we can do nothing! And the God with whom we have to do, will accept of nothing. Theſe are the *whole* of Man, or *all* of a Man. His *Nature*, his *Duty*, and his *Intereſt*, ſaith the great Biſhop *Wilkins!*

In ſhort; *Courts* as well *Cottages*, are ſummoned to attend theſe things. *Let US hear the Concluſion of the whole Matter.* And, you, as well as we, are preſſed with a double Argument. From the *Comprehenſiveneſs of the Matter*, and from the *Exactneſs of God's Judgment.* The Judgment into which *God will bring every OPEN Work and SECRET, whether it be Good or Evil!*

The Concluſion.

SIRS, What hath been *delivered* to you, hath been *received* from your Lord, and ours.

It will be no new thing, if the *Beaux Eſprits* do laugh it to ſcorn. If one and another

another *Naaman* do despise *Jordan.*

Phreneticks do use to throw away the *Medicine*, and trample on the *Plaister*, which would heal them. Who knows not what *Stones were cast* at the Prince of Preach'rs, our very Saviour? *Lepers*, were never fond of *Looking-glasses*, and *Madmen* never loved *Hellebore.*

As for *Hypocrites*, they were never very *forward Converts!* An unerring Judg saith it; *Publicans and Harlots* are less obstinate. Morally, as well as Naturally, we see, that *Consumptions do kill more than Calentures.* Most People do perish under one or other *form of Godliness.* And, of the two, there be fewer, who do cast themselves *headlong* into *Tophet*, than do descend *step by step* into it.

Neither is it to be denied, but, that, *Spots are hardly got out of Diamonds too.* And much Sope and Nitre, are lost upon many a Holy Creature. Our Saviour's *two rebukes* of an undoubted Saint, prevented not a *third out breach* of the self same Sin. *Get thee behind me Satan*, one would have thought, should have been Refining Fire in his Heart. *The*

Cock's

Cock's crowing, which ſet him bitterly weeping, might have been expected to have ſufficiently warned him againſt *haſty ſpeaking*. But, no ſuch matter; out again it brake; *What ſhall this Man do?* In ſhort; the beſt Chriſtians do ſtill remain too *Legal*, thô they read much the Epiſtle to the *Romans*, and *Galatians*. And, too too *Licentious*, thô they do read the Epiſtles of St. *James*, St. *Peter*, and St. *Jude!*

Nevertheleſs; in *Duty* unto all, and in *Hope* of ſome of you; *Whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear*, this Trumpet is blown.

Their *Smart* it is, and *Pain*; not *Metal* and *Pride*, which maketh diſeaſed and wounded Creatures to *curvet* and *prance*. And, it is *pure Compaſſion*, wherewith I ſhall follow *the moſt inſulting Scorners* of my Counſel. I have conſulted *ſurer Oracles*, than thoſe of *Dodona*, and *Delphos*. And am perfectly certain of thus much;

That, very many of you *Fat upon the Earth*, as well as the Poor *that go down to the Duſt*, Pſal. 22. 29. Many of you *Grandees* muſt one day be *Converts*.

That,

That, the very *Wolves* of you shall come into the Fellowship of the Gospel with our *Saviour's Lambs.* That, the *Leopards shall lie down with Kids; Calves, young Lions, and Fatlings together; and a little Child shall lead you,* Isa. 11. 6, 9. An *humble Minister,* of no more State than a newly weaned Child, shall manage you as well as *a Spiritual Lord!* And, you shall *no more hurt or destroy in all* God's Holy Mountain. No, but,

You, *Mountains,* of the Nobility, *shall bring Peace to the People*; and you the *little Hills of* the Gentry, also, *by Righteousness,* Psal. 72. 3. *Amen.*

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

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